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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ITALY'S ECONOMIC PROGRAMMES

ECONOMIC problems are as much to the fore in Italy as elsewhere, and under the pressure of the present emergency the demand for constructive intervention by the government in the processes of production and distribution seems to be growing stronger. A group of the *Popolare*, or Clerical People's Party, whose organ is *Il Pensiero Popolare*, summarizes its programme in substance as follows: lower wages, because it will always be necessary for wages in Italy to be lower than they are in countries blessed with abundant raw materials and colonies; no backward step in social-welfare legislation; no lowering of the workers' standard of living; consequently, of necessity, a lowering in the cost of living.

Since lowering the cost of living must logically precede lowering wages, that is the first problem to attack. The methods should be: limiting profits; limiting the use of luxuries; prohibiting 'the confiscation of labor in the service of idleness,' in other words, compelling every man to work for what he gets. Since the first step in reducing the cost of living is to lower the cost of food, land-rents must be lowered, and the title to land must pass to the persons who actually cultivate it. The government must also exercise a strict control over manufacturing industry. Here the policies of Walter Rathenau can be applied. The natural resources of the country must be systematically developed.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of this programme, which is from the pen of Italo Mario Sacco, who represented Italy at the International Labor Conference in Washington, Filippo Turati, the leader of the Moderate Socialists in the Italian Parliament, delivered a speech on economic reconstruction, in which he laid great stress upon the urgent need for concentrating government effort on industries for which Italy was fitted by nature, on draining the country's vast marshes after the example of Holland, and irrigating districts which lack sufficient moisture. He ridiculed the attempt to build up by subsidies and high tariffs a great iron-and-steel industry in a land possessing neither coal nor ore. He advocated hydro-electric development on a larger scale than has hitherto been attempted, and what he called 'the industrialization of agriculture.' In substance, the latter term comprehends both scientific argiculture and those branches of manufacturing which employ agricultural products as their raw materials.

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MORE KAISER LITERATURE

LADY NORAH BENTINCK'S *The Ex-Kaiser in Exile* is described in the reviews as a lively anecdotal account of the Kaiser's life in Holland, with numerous excursions into historical and biographical byways. The impromptu character of the Kaiser's call upon his future host is indicated by his inquiry when he arrived at Amerongen: 'Who is this Bentinck? I don't think I know him.'

The Kaiserin, who believed implicitly that rulers were divinely ordained, could explain her husband's dethronement only on the theory that evil forces had triumphed. 'She was in great fear for the safety of her husband. . . . She started in alarm at any unusual noise in the night. "They are coming for him," she would cry and burst into tears.'

The Kaiser's principal occupation, as is generally known, has been cutting firewood, and his most congenial pastime seems to be talking. He loves to smoke and converse until a late hour of the night. He is a great admirer of Lord Haldane. He refers to Lloyd George as 'more of the type that comes to the front in France.' He describes President Wilson as 'a greater autocrat than I or the Tsar of Russia ever was.'

One of the most interesting passages in the book is the Kaiser's reference to Bismarck: —

> 'What made you send him away?' Count Godard Bentinck once asked the ex-Emperor, when the Iron Chancellor's name cropped up in conversation during one of the long evening talks at Amerongen. 'Let nobody think I did not admire Bismarck,' he replied. 'I think he was one of the most remarkable men of the age. But I was very young, and I saw that Bismarck would be the uncrowned Emperor. *I could not tolerate that.* He or I had to go.'

The Kaiser's love of ceremony is as keen as ever. He is far from a mental or physical wreck, though he has lost the buoyancy and enthusiasm of his pre-war days. Lady Bentinck describes his appearance at the wedding of his adjutant to Count Bentinck's daughter, which occurred during his stay at Amerongen, as follows: —

> Suddenly, without any preliminary warning, two tall attendants, in long blue coats and tricorne hats, and with silver-topped staves, flung open the big double door and announced: '*Der Kaiser!*' The hum of conversation ceased abuptly. A slight, stiffly erect figure, in the uniform of a German field-marshal, took two short, quick steps into the room, halted near the door with a smart click of the heels, gave a rapid succession of slight, jerky bows to right and left, and then, in the silent pause of a few minutes that ensued, looked restlessly and uncertainly round the company. He held a helmet tucked against his right side by his right arm, and his left hand pushed forward slightly the hilt of a sword that had clattered as he entered.

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POLAND'S NEW FRONTIER

THE Treaty of Riga, which was signed by Poland and Soviet Russia last October, assigns the former country a strip of territory nearly a hundred and fifty miles wide beyond the so-called Curzon Line. This wider region, which would hardly belong to Poland on ethnographic grounds, is in places practically empty. 'You travel through what used to be cultivated crop lands, which are now continuous forests. Birch and alder trees have sprung up spontaneously along the furrows, and during the past six years have grown to an average height of about eight feet.' Six years have elapsed since the cultivators were carried off with the retreating Russian army. Poland intends to use this empty land for colonizing its surplus population, instead of permitting the latter to come to the United States. An agrarian reform act has been

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passed, under which the land is to be parceled out to small holders, partly at least through the mediation of colonization companies controlled by the government. Details from the army have also been sent into this waste country to bring it under cultivation, after which the land thus tilled will be granted in fee simple to the soldiers. Thus waste territory is put under crops, and the problem of demobilization is more easily solved. A recent visitor thus describes one of these enterprises: —

I visited one of the soldier colonies about 50 miles to the east of Brest-Litovsk. The division was 270 strong, including 13 officers, and was divided into six 'columns,' which were working ten good-sized farms. The land had mostly formed part of an estate belonging to Count Bobrinsky, a Russian subject, who has now been expropriated from this part of his property. Nearly all the peasant laborers had disappeared, and when the columns started work last spring, the fallow was a mass of young birch trees. Now the ground shows some very good crops of potatoes, oats, and flax. Farming-tools, seed, and other materials were supplied by the Government; and up to the present the men are still working as soldiers, under the orders of their officers, liable to military discipline, and drawing Government rations. The men will be demobilized and become independent farmers as soon as the land is partitioned.

Each man receives a maximum of 45 hectares — rather over 100 acres — of land, timber to build his house with, and credit with which to buy tools and stock. The men are treated according to their war services. Only volunteers, who have won military distinctions and been wounded at least once, and who are qualified farmers, are open to receive the maximum benefit of this scheme, and only a percentage will receive their land this winter. Those without any military distinction have eventually to pay for their land. About 6000 men are engaged in the scheme, about a third of whom will be established as small-holders this year.

The settlement I visited was self-contained in practically every detail. It had its own coöperative stores, its own joiner's and shoemaker's shop and smithy. The Government had also equipped it with the nucleus of a library and reading-room, and had temporarily loaned it a cinematograph machine and films. One of the colonists, who had been a hospital orderly, was preparing to set up as village chemist as a sideline from his other occupations. The whole colony seemed to be well found and planned. Both officers and men were a very good class of settlers, earnest and industrious, and there seems to be no reason why the scheme of colonization, as such, should not be a success.

However, this territory is regarded by the Russians as still part of Mother Russia, and the local peasantry which remains is White Russian. So the district affords abundant seed for a future crop of political unrest and racial conflict.

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OUR HOMELESS DIPLOMATS

THE difficulty which our ambassador at Paris has experienced in procuring a suitable building for the Embassy — now, according to press reports, happily overcome — was the occasion of some passing comment in the French press. For example, the legal ambiguities likely to arise from applying the principle of extraterritoriality to leased embassy quarters, especially when they form a part of a larger structure, received attention. Charles Le Verrier, discussing our ambassadors in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, relates the following anecdote: —

American diplomats seldom make a profession of that career. They change with the party in power at Washington, and the President selects for posts abroad lawyers, engineers, university presidents, scientists, and gentlemen of leisure. I once sat at dinner near Mr. Sharp who was the successor, as he is the predecessor, of Myron T. Herrick. I was engaged in lively conversation with my two neighbors at the table, both

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of whom were French ladies. Our hostess, addressing Mr. Sharp, inquired: 'Mr. Ambassador, what is your profession?'

After Mr. Sharp had answered, he honored me personally with this explanatory comment: 'I am also an astronomer, sir. No doubt you are interested in astronomy'; after which he favored me with an account of some of his researches.

My position became very embarrassing when my two neighbors begged me to translate to them some of the hard words the Ambassador was using. He was obviously a man with a real love for azimuths and ecliptics. As the Ambassador was suffering from a severe cold, which made him very hoarse, I did not understand more than a fraction of what His Excellency said. My respect for him did not permit me to ask him to repeat, and I had to invent a large part of the explanations — of matters of which I knew little at the best — which I gave to my lady friends. I hope the ghost of Newton will pardon me the horrible hodge-podge of stars and planets that I served to my two pretty neighbors.

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PERSUASIVE LAUGHTER

MR. BONOMI, the new Italian Premier, is reported by *L'Europe Nouvelle* to have derived much entertainment from his attendance at the recent Paris Conference of the Supreme Council. The two things that impressed him most were Lloyd George's laugh and Briand's voice. In fact, the British Premier has a remarkable laugh, which shakes off his glasses, closes his eyes, and convulses his whole person. It was so contagious at first that Bonomi invariably laughed with his colleague; but he seems to have become wary at its frequent repetition. Briand's voice produced an equally powerful impression upon the new Premier. One of the Italian experts remarked that it nearly made Bonomi vote in favor of assigning the 'industrial triangle' of Upper Silesia to Poland. A French expert argued that the Silesian peasants were the only real natives of the country, that the city people were really immigrants, and their factories and shops should be regarded as 'due solely to the hand of man.' Lloyd George adverted to this in his principal speech: 'If the factories and shops in the cities are "due solely to the hand of man," doubtless the pigpens in the country are due solely to the hand of God'; and he burst into a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Bonomi joined.

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M. BRIAND TO VISIT WASHINGTON

THE Paris correspondent of *Journal de Genève* reports that M. Briand has decided to attend the Washington Conference for two reasons. First, because he believes that Parliament, which will presumably assemble just before he departs for America, will not care to overturn his cabinet at that time. He will thus secure a leeway of some weeks in which to strengthen his ministry's present precarious hold upon the country. In the second place, the French Premier believes that he will be able to make some bargain in Washington to the advantage of France. He hopes to play off the United States against England. This is said to have been his principal solace when the last session of the Supreme Council ended at Paris with a stalemate, so far as the special objects that France had in view were concerned. The correspondent concludes that it is the general opinion at Paris that Mr. Briand '*est en train de commettre une "gaffe" monumentale.*'

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PROTESTANT OVERTURES BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY

HESITATING tentacles of reconciliation are being thrust out between the Protestant churches of France and Germany. However, the *Bulletin Protestant Français* deplores the fact that many German Protestants still evade

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recognizing the 'moral duty' of reparation. The *Semaine Religieuse* quotes with approval the following comment from the *Journal Religieux* of Neuchâtel upon this subject:—

We can understand why the Germans should shrink from the enormous sacrifice which is demanded of them; at least why they should not welcome it. But how gratifying it would be to detect *a sincère desire* on their part to repair the damage caused — often stupidly and malignantly — by their arms. . . . Come, German Christians, tell us if you wish: 'We don't know whether we shall be able to comply with all that you demand of us,' but add, in any case: 'But we shall do what we can at every cost and at every sacrifice.'

Individual congregations have exhibited this spirit. At a German church conference at Mayence last October, a French pastor described some of the sufferings of the Protestants in the devastated regions of Northern France, and a collection was taken up at once in their behalf. At a recent Moravian conference in Germany, a modest collection was raised for the same purpose. German clergymen are also seeking to recover communion silver and other property taken from French Protestant churches by German soldiers. They have discovered and restored a valuable communion cup taken from the Church of St.-Dié — though properly receipted for — by a German chaplain.

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BUENOS AIRES UNIVERSITY CENTENARY

THE University of Buenos Aires celebrated its one hundreth birthday on the twelfth of last August. A decree erecting such an institution was drafted in 1778, but remained a dead letter for more than forty years on account of powerful opposition in Spain. During its century of existence, the institution has suffered many vicissitudes, especially under the Republic's early dictators. Beginning with schools of medicine and law, it has now developed into a teaching and research institution of many departments. In 1865 a college of exact sciences was added, and nine years later the old law school was converted into a College of Law and Social Science. At present the university contains faculties of philosophy and letters, law and social science, medicine, physical and natural science, agriculture and veterinary medicine, and economics.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN INDIA

WHEN reforms once start in a politically backward country, they are likely to make precipitate, if somewhat eccentric, progress. Recently the Bombay Legislative Council, by a vote of more than two to one, enfranchised women, thereby placing some half a million female voters on the election rolls. A majority of these live in a condition of tutelage and privacy, and, even when educated, cannot be reached by ordinary campaign methods. Customs stronger than laws forbid their attending public meetings. If a serious, persistent attempt is made to bring out the women's vote, it may have an interesting effect upon social customs.

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WHEN THE ENTENTE WAS FORMED

IN a recent issue of *Le Figaro*, Mermeix describes the negotiations which gave birth to the Entente Cordiale between Great Britain and France ten years before the outbreak of the war. He details at some length the preliminary conversations between diplomats and ministers, which paved the way for a complete understanding between the two governments, and describes the visit of King Edward VII to Paris in 1903. As the latter was leaving, he said to the President of France, who

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was at the station: 'When are you coming to London?'

'The members of the Cabinet will decide,' replied the President.

'No, no,' said the King with a laugh. 'These ministers always waste time. They think it necessary to draft a protocol in order to drink a cup of tea together. Let us settle these things right away between ourselves. You owe me a visit. I'll expect you in July.' And on the third of that month, the President and his foreign Minister were in London as guests of their royal host. The three documents upon which the Entente rested were not actually signed until the eighth of August, 1904. They contained agreements settling pending questions between the two countries, relating to Newfoundland, Senegambia, Egypt, Morocco, Siam, Madagascar, and the New Hebrides.

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MINOR NOTES

QUITE naturally the recent hostilities in Asia Minor have accentuated the bitterness between the Turkish and the Greek residents of Constantinople. The Greeks manifest, on all possible occasions, contemptuous disrespect for the former ruling race in that city. The Turks talk of boycotting Greek merchants. The recent Greek offensive was a death-blow to business in Constantinople. Traffic is at a standstill; the wharves and warehouses are filled with goods for which there are no purchasers. Even when these goods are sold at wholesale, for prices which represent heavy losses for the owners, they are still held at exorbitant prices in the retail trade. Many business failures have occurred.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us translations of letters that have appeared of late in the Russian papers published in Vladivostok, describing the hardships which the members of Kolchak's army suffered during their flight from Siberia. From these we quote the following:—

> Everywhere in this huge area [the Mongolian border district] I met these Russian refugees. They were in groups of from two or three men to more than a hundred, and even five hundred. They were living on berries, mushrooms, and dead animals, fearing to hunt lest they attract their enemies. In November I came upon a camp of two hundred or more of these refugees, dressed in skins. I counted one hundred and twenty six who were crippled by frozen hands or feet.

This correspondent, during his journey southward, often encountered the corpses of those who had died by the wayside, or had been killed by their pursuers or by bandits. Invariably every article of clothing had been stripped from their bodies. The survivors were received hospitably in the tents of the wandering Mongols.

A SHEFFIELD correspondent informs the London *Economist* that the price of a ton of coke in America is but two fifths of the price of coke in Great Britain. The labor cost of American coal is considerably less than one third of the labor cost of British coal. 'Both German and American iron is being produced at a less inclusive cost — for fuel and labor — than a ton of British iron costs for fuel alone.'

THE Commonwealth Government has just published preliminary census figures showing that the population of Australia is now 5,419,702, an increase of 969,711 during the past ten years, of which 778,644 was due to an excess of births over deaths, and 191,077 to excess of immigration over emigration. Australia lost 73,503 in the war. The urban population continues to increase more rapidly than the total population, and now forms forty-two per cent of the latter.

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IRELAND

[*The first of the two following articles is from the labor-reformist* New Statesman *of August 20. The second, representing the case 'as an Irishman sees it,' is from the liberal* Nation and Athenæum *of the same date.*]

I

THE outside world has probably learned more this week about the Irish problem than it ever knew before. It should understand in the future some of the difficulties which England has to face. The Irish are an intensely 'political' race; they love caucuses and secret societies and shibboleths; but they have almost no capacity at all for 'getting to business.' The hopeful patience of the English press this week, in face of the nebulous and irritatingly inconsequent rhetoric of Mr. de Valera, has been remarkable. No one knows what Mr. de Valera really means. He declares in so many words that Ireland 'cannot and will not accept these terms'; and then he makes a verbal smoke-screen, and all the *cognoscenti* hasten to assure us that we must not suppose that he really intends to break off negotiations.

Well, what does he intend? The worst of it is that it is impossible to be sure that he intends anything at all. In one sentence he assures us that he and his colleagues are not doctrinaire Republicans, and in the next that the recognition of Ireland as a completely separate nation is the *sine qua non* of a settlement. He complains that he has not been offered real Dominion Home Rule, and then declares that Dominion Home Rule would not be good enough in any case, and, in fact, is not possible. No doubt it would be wrong to pay too much attention to the 'President's' actual phrases, for sometimes he is addressing us and sometimes his own extremists, and it is hard to distinguish which sentence is which. Nevertheless, we cannot quite ignore such speeches and we are entitled to ask what he is really after. Will he accept Dominion Home Rule, or will he not? Is the Republic a *sine qua non?* And if so, why on earth did he consider it worth while to waste so many days of Mr. Lloyd George's time and his own, in the conversations that took place in London a fortnight ago? In such proceedings, there is, from the English point of view, no sense. Mr. de Valera has a strange name, but it is clear enough that he is an Irishman.

In politics, the English habitually think in terms of realities. We employ all sorts of resounding phrases, and political abstractions and pretenses, but we do not think in them — whereas the Irish do. They care more for a phrase than for a fact, more for a verbal admission of their 'independence' than for the realities of freedom. We cannot complain of that; they are entitled to their own predilections; but it is a condition which must be recognized by any one who wishes to comprehend the Irish issue. Mr. de Valera's original reply to Mr. Lloyd George's offer was headed with two italicized words, — '*official translation*,' — and perhaps they were the most significant words in the document. English is the native language of every single man who was concerned in the drafting of that reply. It is possible that Mr. de Valera may know as much of Gaelic as an Oxford 'Greats' man usually knows of Greek. He may be able to compose a correct sentence in Gaelic, and even pronounce it with some approximation to the phonetic principles of the language; but

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neither he nor his colleagues can think in Gaelic, and certainly they cannot draft a long and important document in that tongue. We do not know whether the reply was put into Gaelic at any stage, but everybody knows that it was composed in English and discussed in English, and that the phrase 'official translation' was no more than a gesture — which deceived no one.

Yet Mr. de Valera and his colleagues thought this formal pretense worth while, and it is more than possible that most of their countrymen, who do not know five words of Gaelic, thought the same. How are we to conduct serious negotiations with such a people? Inevitably we must get at cross-purposes. The point may sound trivial, but it is not at all trivial. The British Government has made Ireland an offer which not only covers everything that Irishmen can reasonably insist upon, but which includes more, we believe, than nine Irishmen out of ten really want at all. Yet the offer is to be rejected out of hand because it does not contain the verbal concession which Sinn Fein demands! After centuries of association with us under a single monarch, with a common code of law, a common culture and a common tongue, the Irish leaders ostentatiously describe us as a 'foreign nation'; and if we would but accept that description, they would probably in return accept every practical proviso we chose to put forward. They would scarcely protest against 'Crown Colony Government,' provided only that it were *called* a 'Republic.' Unluckily, the verbal concession is one which it is very difficult to make, and which neither the present, nor any foreseeable, British government can possibly make. And there, apparently, is the deadlock.

But we do not believe that it is an absolute deadlock. It is inconceivable even of Irishmen that they should wish the negotiations to break down at their present stage. They do not want to go on fighting us, any more than we want to go on fighting them. The real difficulty, as we pointed out at the very outset of the negotiations, six weeks ago, is that they have no responsible leader. Mr. de Valera is the mouthpiece of a somewhat inchoate public opinion and not a very capable mouthpiece at that. He may be a very charming and popular person, but he lacks address as well as experience, and has a way at times of saying very foolish things. Above all, he is manifestly afraid of accepting responsibility. He consults his followers — which may be very proper, but which, in practice, of course, means that he consults the 'Left' and fears the Left. Ireland untrammeled would almost certainly vote for the acceptance of Dominion status, but Mr. de Valera has neither the personal ascendancy nor the confidence to override his colleagues and fall back on the Irish people. So he makes a 'popular' speech, and stultifies all he has done before. Not on such lines can the Irish problem be settled.

It has been suggested that the Government's offer does not really amount to Dominion Home Rule, and that the provisos and safeguards are such as to deprive Ireland of the full freedom enjoyed by Canada and Australia. We believe that view is shortsighted, and that General Smuts's letter may be taken to represent the intentions of the Government with sufficient fidelity. The limitations set forth in the original offer do not seem to us to be derogatory in any appreciative degree to the full status of a Dominion; but if we are wrong, it is obvious that they can be discussed and, if necessary, amended or dropped. Mr. de Valera, however, has not really raised that point. He has — for the moment — rejected the offer on the purely general ground that

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it implies the abandonment of the Republic. The question of what the offer really means should undoubtedly be elucidated at the earliest possible moment; but that is not at all the essence of the point which, for the present, is at issue. England is offering Ireland Dominion Home Rule (the precise meaning of which may be defined by discussion), and what is more, she is offering it, not to Southern Ireland, but to the whole of Ireland. Whether it is to be accepted by the whole of Ireland, or only by the South, is entirely a question for Irishmen, and a question in which in practice we cannot interfere. Partition is no longer a theory, but a fact; and however profound may be the grievance which Irishmen cherish toward England for having brought partition about, it is useless for them to put their heads in the sand and refuse to recognize what has happened. British governments may have created, or at any rate cultivated, the Ulster problem; but that does not alter the fact that it is now an Irish problem and not an English problem at all. We write on the assumption that the British Government's offer is of Dominion status, to as much of Ireland as will accept it; and, as things stand, no British government can offer more than that.

In this journal we have always maintained that Ireland must have a republic if she wants it. But we have not taken this view because we have any special respect for what are nowadays described as the 'rights' of small nations. We do not think that such 'rights' can be defended in any absolute sense. We believe in 'self-determination,' not as an ethical principle, — for ethics has nothing to do with such questions, — but as a convenient practical formula by which a reasonable degree of international stability may be attained.

As regards Ireland, the question is a strictly practical one. Ireland can have a republic if she is prepared to fight for it long enough. To judge by Mr. de Valera's turgid heroics, she will fight forever, and beyond. But we take leave to doubt that. The Irish have fought for one year with great profit. They have established, by sheer force of arms, their claim to full practical independence, and have forced a substantially Tory British government to offer them Dominion status. It is an immense achievement, and they may be pardoned if they assume that they will get their republic with equal ease. But the assumption is nevertheless wrong. If a republic is what they mean to insist upon, they will have to fight on for many years yet, and to fight without the support of external sympathy. General Smuts's letter may be taken to represent broadly the attitude of enlightened opinion all over the world. Irish propagandists in America will find it hard to meet the argument: 'What is good enough for Canada is good enough for Ireland.'

And as for English opinion, — which is really the decisive factor, — it will take a very long time to reconcile the English constituencies, even those with Labor majorities, to the idea of an Irish Republic. If Mr. Lloyd George should appeal to the country on the basis of the published correspondence between Mr. de Valera and himself and General Smuts, he will win hands down. *And he will gain a new mandate.* If hostilities are to be renewed upon the issues defined in Mr. de Valera's speeches this week, the war will be a new sort of war. Probably it will take a new form, but certainly the Government will enjoy an altogether new and enlarged measure of support for its policy. There are millions of Englishmen who have hated 'reprisals' with all their hearts, and have been prepared to go to almost any lengths to put a stop to

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them, but who will take a very different view of a renewal of the war on the issues suggested by Mr. de Valera. General Smuts's letter — accidentally, perhaps, rather than intrinsically — is one of the most cogent public documents ever issued. It expresses the view of the Empire and of the English democracy, and probably that of most foreign countries. The Irish leaders may choose to ignore it, but they will do so at their peril.

II

PEACE and war are in the Anglo-Irish balance. The decisions Dàil Eireann will take this week, and the duration of the truce, occasion the gravest anxiety to the ordinary Irishman, who sees great difficulties — less patent to the ordinary Englishman — in the acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals. Dàil Eireann meets in a profoundly distrustful spirit, whose proximate cause is the premature publication by Mr. Lloyd George of General Smuts's letter to Mr. de Valera, a publication which is regarded in Ireland as a breach of faith. The letter is a reasoned commendation of the proposals, and purports to convey an analysis of the situation and the gist of the proposals. It is a gloss before the text, and will be accepted as exact by thousands at home and abroad who will never study the proposals themselves with the responsible intentness with which they must be considered in Ireland. The letter is an unfinished analysis of the situation so far as Ulster is concerned, and is a false interpretation of the terms, as is evident in, for example, one principal item. General Smuts tells Mr. de Valera that 'full Dominion status, with all it is and implies, is yours — if you will but take it,' and for definition of status refers to a series of authoritative declarations, one of which is Mr. Bonar Law's to the House of Commons. Mr. Bonar Law said: 'If the self-governing Dominions chose to say to-morrow, "We will no longer make a part of the British Empire," the Government would not try to force them. Dominion Home Rule means the right to rule its own destinies.' There is no doubt that this right to secede is necessarily inherent in the free relationship of a Dominion with England and the Empire. But in his final communication Mr. Lloyd George admits no compromise on this point. 'No such right can ever be acknowledged by us.' This declaration deletes an essential element of freedom from a relationship which could otherwise be adapted to meet the present necessity. It is in flat contradiction of General Smuts's statement of the terms, and makes his professions of the readiness of the Dominions to shield Ireland and guard its status from violation merely irrelevant.

This discrepancy on a point of first importance is companioned by others hardly less gross. The Smuts's letter, in effect, is first-class propaganda, and is so used. But no amount of propaganda will sway the Irish from an independent consideration of the terms, or determine the direction of Irish influence abroad, which will follow the native inclination. We are over-familiar as well with the language of a press and politicians in introducing a fresh move in the Irish political game, — that this and that is generous, is very fair, — in which every recognition of an Irish right is a 'concession.' Let us acknowledge all this freely as propaganda, and pass to the proposed 'concessions,' with their reservations.

The first blot I have already indicated. The second blot is the firm es-

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tablishment of partition. Ireland has been split into two arbitrary political areas by the British Government. The populations affected have never been consulted on the making of this partition. No Englishman who cares for truth can say that the six counties which now constitute Northern Ireland want partition. The Government have steadily refused all suggestions to put this issue to the test of a vote. The Government which invented the Silesian plebiscite and have sound reasons to justify it, have given no reasons to justify the delimitation of the six-county area, because no sufficient reasons can be given. One third of the area of Northern Ireland would vote with the remaining twenty-six counties if they had the opportunity of a plebiscite. Tyrone and Fermanagh have, each, substantial Nationalist majorities; so have the important centres of Derry City and Newry; so have the constituencies of South Down and South Armagh. Where coercion is supposed to be unthinkable, they have been coerced into a forced relation with the Belfast area, and a position of vantage has, for its own reasons, been created by the Government. Partition was effected, not to satisfy Ulster self-determination, — for, as we have said, Ulster was never consulted, — but to provide the British Government with a place from which to bargain with or control the rest of Ireland. It is for this reason that a reconsideration of partition is necessary in the discussion of these present proposals. By insisting on this one point alone the settlement is imperiled, and, if war ensues as a result of the refusal of an Ulster plebiscite, it seems to us that the responsibility is with England. This issue of partition, resting on the denial of a county vote, controls the rest of the proposals, just as the Ulster veto and the formal encouragement given to a minority ascendancy controlled and sterilized the proceedings of the Irish Convention of 1917.

Passing from this second blot to the six reservations, among much which is admissible or matter for reasonable discussion and accommodation, we find implicit in Nos. 1, 3, and 4 a steady determination on England's part to maintain an effective military surveillance of Ireland. Naval bases and aerodromes will be held to require the presence of ancillary military forces, and recruiting stations the presence of the units for which recruitment is sought. Through these agencies an effective network is spread over Ireland of armed men outside the control of the Irish civil authorities. In which of the Dominions would this be tolerated? An army outside the control of the civil authorities creates a situation at once incompatible with freedom and unknown in those Dominions to whose status it is pretended Ireland is to be raised.

Peace and war are in the balance. It is evident from Mr. de Valera's speech at the Dàil to-day that the terms are unacceptable. [Our correspondent wrote in ignorance of the following more conciliatory speech.] Mr. de Valera will not have his colleagues dismissed as Republican doctrinaires. He explicitly rejects the charge, and claims that they are out for Irish freedom, which could not be realized at the present time in any other way so suitably as through a republic. If, therefore, another suitable way presented itself, it would be followed. If these present terms are found inadmissible, as appears likely, it is not because the formal Republic is denied, but because they do not contain the essentials of Irish freedom. They fall, of course, far short of the popular ideal. That is not what matters, for ideals in liquidation all suffer such diminutions. They are capable of being so far modi-

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fied as to be admissible. But will they be so far modified? On the answer lies peace or war.

It will be said that their rejection is the decision of youth and the fires of youth. It is not impossible to imagine some Irish Assembly, tired and anxious to settle down on the cushions of office, which for some reason would find it expedient to accept them. In such an acceptance there might have been a temporary cessation of hostilities, but no settlement. You might have had peace with friction, but no finality in good-fellowship. There would not even be a solution of your difficulties in America, for Ireland would still be seeking the final settlement, and there would remain a Republican party. The use of Parnell's name conjures nothing from men of Parnell's race, informed with his spirit. When General Smuts speaks of 'opportunities such as Parnell and his predecessors and his successors never had,' he is talking in terms of 1889, ten years before the Boer War. Campbell-Bannerman had a nobler approach in such affairs, and without Campbell-Bannerman there would have been no Smuts.

A BRITISH GENERAL IN MOSCOW

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL C. BIRDWOOD-THOMSON

[Brigadier-General Thomson, the son of Major General David Thomson, was an officer of the old professional army, having received a commission in the Royal Engineers when nineteen years old. After graduating from the Staff College, he was Military Attaché in Rumania. He served on several fronts during the war, was attached to the Supreme War Council at Paris, and has just returned from Russia, which he visited as representative of the 'Save the Children' fund.]

From *The Manchester Guardian*, August 22
(LIBERAL DAILY)

BEFORE passing judgment on the industrial situation in Soviet Russia today, full weight should be given to the contributing causes which have created it. Ever since 1917 Russia has passed from crisis to crisis, and already, at the beginning of that year, her industrial resources were seriously depleted. When it is remembered how much Russia's industrial system owed to British and American enterprise, and how largely the technical staffs in her factories were composed of Germans, the full effect of the war and the blockade can be appreciated. Four successive invasions have still further paralyzed her industrial life; and now, in the first year of comparative peace, famine has come. If, after so many trials, so many wasteful, unproductive years, Russia were not reduced to the last rags of her industrial system, it would be strange indeed.

Moscow is the pulse of modern Russia. There one can meet men who are in touch with its remotest parts, and direct such industrial activity as has survived. A conversation with the manager of a well-known American industrial concern in Russia is like listening to a story of adventure; for he, like the

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representatives of several other firms, has worked under the Soviet Government throughout the past four years; has passed through periods of terrible anxiety; has spent many sleepless nights despairing of the morrow; but to-day, though the prospect is far from rosy, he still retains his faith and hope. He is no Bolshevik, but he remembers how a way out has invariably been found from seemingly desperate situations, unconsciously perhaps; he reveals a reluctant admiration for the men who now rule Russia, whose courage has never yet been daunted, whose energy and readiness of resource have never failed. He does not like the present Government in Moscow — it has swept away the so-called civilization to which he was accustomed, — but if asked to suggest an alternative form of government, he is graveled for a reply.

One can only guess his thoughts upon this subject. Few of the men who have shown real grit during this great upheaval care to express their feelings freely, not so much because they fear the Bolsheviki as from the desire not to disappoint the expectations of reactionary friends. They have lived in a new world, have seen its realities and suffered from its faults, but their criticisms are far less glib than those of an *émigré* in Paris.

Moscow is not a gay city. Ninety-five per cent of the shops are boarded up, and grass is growing between the cobble-stones in some of the side streets. Nevertheless, the aspect of the people is not gloomy. Much misery there may be, but it is not so apparent as in Riga or Berlin. Beggars are few and far between. Many women and children are barefooted, but the majority have decent clothes. There are no violent contrasts between wealth and poverty in Moscow, and possibly for that reason the passers-by wear a look, if not of contentment, of resignation.

A critical time is coming, both in Petrograd and in Moscow. These cities are being deprived of their stocks of food, which will be sent to the population in the famine area. By taking this action the Government has made two noteworthy sacrifices. The first is of its economic theories, since private enterprise, acting as far as possible through the coöperative societies, will now take over the food-supply. The second is of political power. The Government has deliberately divested itself of the powerful weapon which it wielded through its control over the supply and distribution of the necessities of life. It is difficult to reconcile an action such as this with the accusations made by the enemies of the present order who live outside Russia. In thus dealing with this latest crisis, Lenin and his colleagues may be given credit for putting humanitarian considerations before personal or political interests, and are acting as practical statesmen and not mere doctrinaires. They may have changed their policy, but not more so than other governments; and their motives for so doing are, to say the least, as pure.

Life in Moscow is tranquil. There is no drunkenness or disorder in the streets. The hawkers are numerous. They are of both sexes and all ages. They sell cigarettes, honey, eggs, and white bread. An old man in the square outside the Kremlin sells books. A few cafés are open, and provide excellent cakes and ices, and of customers there is no lack. Hundreds of men go fishing daily in the Moskwa from the bridges and from boats. They catch few fish, though the conditions look favorable, but they have all the patience of Russians and of anglers.

Moscow is a city of churches. It is best viewed from Sparrow Hill, the point from which Napoleon first saw it. On a fine day, hundreds if not thousands of golden domes sparkle in the sunshine. The money value of so much precious

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metal must be enormous. At evening-time the air is tremulous with the peals of church-bells — and such melodious bells! Most of them come from Rostov, in the north, where tuning-forks made six centuries ago are still in use. The churches are well attended and the collections good. After a service in the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour, five ladies, each carrying a fair-sized tray, received the offerings of the congregation, and the trays were heaped up with notes. Of course it should be remembered that a million rubles is now the equivalent of about five pounds. The Church in Russia has also passed through a revolution, and has cast off the fetters put upon it by Peter the Great. A patriarch now directs its destinies; it is disestablished, and is supported solely by the contributions of the faithful. Its constitution is democratic, and in spite of alleged persecution by the Government, it seems to be fairly flourishing. If there is any serious persecution, it has, as usual, acted as a stimulus.

Unquestionably the Church satisfies a need in Russia. The rapt faces of men and women of all classes, as they stand for an hour at a time during religious celebrations, their evident appreciation of the gorgeous interior decorations and of the splendor of the sacred music evolved from the plain chants of the third century by popular and native talent, are all indications which cannot be neglected. The Russian Church can play a part in the great human drama now being enacted if it displays a truly religious spirit. For Russia to-day is the theatre of a gigantic social experiment, and only a small proportion of men and women there, as anywhere, are strong and self-reliant. The others will often be weary and discouraged. They will need consolation, and seek it in the Church.

The descriptions given of Trotsky in the European press had led me to believe that I should meet a somewhat arrogant and self-satisfied man; the impression that he makes is, in point of fact, the exact contrary. Trotsky is utterly unassuming in his manner; he is alert, self-possessed, and one of the most brilliant talkers I have ever met. There is scarcely a subject with which he cannot deal in more or less intimate fashion. As I was a soldier talking to a War Minister, it was natural that some of our conversation should turn on war. I happened to say that in my opinion the Bolsheviki might be applying a new form of war. I explained this by saying that it had been my fate to take part in five big wars; that I had been with conquering armies which had passed over a countryside and utterly subdued it; but that five years later I had gone back and found 95 per cent of the people living exactly as they did before, although possibly the government had been changed. War, in fact, however great its conquests, was like a ripple on a pool and did not touch the depths of a nation's life. The Bolshevist form of war, on the other hand, appeared to begin with propaganda among the 95 per cent; and when the mass had been leavened by political agents, then, and then only, did force appear in the form of comparatively small bodies of soldiers in armored motor-cars, who clinched the matter.

Trotsky's reply was curious. He said: 'War by propaganda is not the invention of a Russian but rather of an Englishman.' And then by way of explanation he added: 'Do you remember the story of Oliver Cromwell, who refused to punish one of his subordinates "because," he said, "this man is a good preacher"?'

The stories of friction between Trotsky and Lenin are, I should say, completely baseless. When I expressed my wish to see Lenin, Trotsky at once ex-

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pressed his readiness to arrange the matter for me. Lenin was at the time living some way out of Moscow. He is resting, under orders from his doctor, and pays only occasional visits to Moscow, to attend Cabinet meetings.

Trotsky spoke with pride about the performances of the Red army. He said that the proportion of peasant soldiers was as yet somewhat below what it should be, in view of the proportion of peasants in the total population; but he added that he was demobilizing 3000 men a week; that these latter were mainly townsmen, whose services were needed in the factories; and that in course of time the peasant soldiers would form the bulk of the army. To look at, the so-called Red Guards are very like the soldiers in the old Tsarist army. Nearly all of them are young men between 19 and 25 years of age, and the few with whom I had the opportunity of talking were undoubtedly peasants and seemed to be contented with their lot.

I had the opportunity of seeing several Bolshevist leaders together, for example, such men as Chicherin, Litvinoff, and Krassin. Not only did their personal relations appear to me to be both cordial and intimate, but they spoke both of Trotsky and of Lenin in appreciative terms.

In regard to foreign affairs, Trotsky told me that he had very little anxiety in regard to Savinkoff's activities in Poland, nor did he seem to attach much importance to Mannerheim and a possible menace from Finland. Relations with Rumania apparently were not a cause of anxiety; but in regard to Japan he stated that he was somewhat doubtful, and asked me whether Great Britain's alliance with that country meant that we would support a Japanese offensive based on Vladivostok. Litvinoff spoke much of the desirability of a close understanding between Great Britain and Russia in regard to Far Eastern problems. He said that it should surely be easier for the British to reach an understanding with a pacifically disposed republic than with a Tsarist government.

Chicherin is the diplomat among the Bolshivist leaders. He reveals it at every turn, and is filled with suspicions of any overtures or suggestions made to him: for example, he dreads the admission to Russia of agents for humanitarian relief in famine areas, as he thinks they might be wolves in sheep's clothing.

In regard to the famine, although no one in Moscow is blind to its appalling gravity, there is no sign of panic. Arrangements which appear to be both businesslike and methodical have been made to send food supplies to the Volga basin from the Petrograd and Moscow districts. Kameneff is president of the Relief Committee, and has copious statistics in regard to previous famines and the measures taken for relieving the population. He told me that, though the famine was more serious than had been at first expected, it was less widespread than in 1891. His main preoccupation is to make every possible provision for an autumn sowing, as he said that the real disaster would occur if the population was unable to save the fields from lying fallow. The army organization is being employed for the distribution of relief, and, generally speaking, is the instrument for dealing with the famine. This was explained to me on the ground that the War Office was the most efficient department, and had experience of moving large bodies of troops and of keeping them supplied.

The cholera epidemic is apparently well in hand. Kameneff informed me that the number of cases was decreasing, and that in Moscow itself the figures did not exceed the average in normal years. I saw two hospital trains. They looked spotlessly clean, had numerous staffs, and, from what I could see, were well equipped.

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EXAMINING COMMUNISTS

BY L. SOSNOVSKY

[*This article is by the editor of the Moscow* Bednota, *an official daily intended for circulation among the peasants.*]

From Moscow *Pravda, July* 17
(Bolshevist Official Daily)

On June 22 the Communist members of the agricultural commune named in honor of Lenin, in the Government of Tula, were ordered to report for registration at the village of Podkhozheye. New candidates for admission to the party were ordered to report at the same time. Now our communards — that is, members of agricultural communes — are busy people. So they called together a meeting of the local party groups, where such arguments as this were advanced: —

This is the busiest time of the year. The rye is just ready to cut. Hay is being mown, we have to turn it over and get it under cover. We have to water and weed our gardens. If we miss half a day, we can never recover it. And the weather is uncertain. Why then should all our Communist Party members lay off work just now, to go over to a town twenty miles away? Why can't the men who register the party members themselves make the rounds of the villages, instead of having the members come to them?

So the meeting decided to send two Communists and let the rest remain at work.

The next morning, bright and early, these two delegates and myself started out. On the way over I kept wondering why the hour for reregistering was set so early in the morning, instead of in the evening. In the latter case a half day's work might have been saved.

It took us three and a half hours to reach Podkhozheye. We were there just at the appointed time; but no one was ready to receive us. We waited one hour, two hours, three hours. Other Communist Party members arrived. But the registrars did not come. Finally they appeared — three of them.

Podkhozheye was the registration point for two districts, in which there were some forty resident members of the Communist Party. Only ten reported to reregister. The others would not leave their work. Some of those who reported had walked six or eight miles; they left important work to come.

Finally the reregistration started. The registrars seated themselves, and the peasants were summoned by twos. Each was asked a number of questions, and his political competency was to depend upon his answers. I took down some of these questions and the replies to them.

Here is the examination of Comrade Ponomarev, one of the founders of the Commune in honor of Lenin; a good and trustworthy member of the party.

'Who may become a member of the Party?'

'He who has a real conscience . . . if he is a Communist in his soul.'

'What is the highest Party centre in the local department?'

'The Department Committee.'

'To what is it subordinate?'

'To the Provincial Committee.'

After a few leading questions, Comrade Ponomarev suddenly recalled that the District Committee is subordinate

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to the District Party Convention, which he himself had attended.

'What was the greatest blow dealt by the workers to capital?'

'The answer is very involved. There were many blows. How can we tell which was the greatest?'

After a few more questions of this kind, Comrade Ponomarev was dismissed, and the secretary of the agricultural commune, Chaplin, was called. These are the questions put to him, and his answers.

'What benefit do the workmen derive from freedom of the press in a bourgeois country?' 'What is the difference between the bourgeois court and the people's court?' 'What was the fundamental mistake made by the Paris Commune?'

Poor communard! Instead of saying frankly that he knew very little about the Paris Commune, but that he has for three years been standard-bearer of the Communists in a bourgeois section of the country, and that he has repeatedly taken up arms in defense of the Revolution, he began to mumble something about the Paris Commune. He appeared pitiful and ludicrous, in spite of the fact that he is a bulwark of Communism in this section, and a fighter for the cause.

Even the President of the County Executive Committee did not pass the examination. He is an able, energetic fellow, who manages very well the affairs of the whole district; but he did not know what was the highest Soviet organ in the district. Among the questions asked were the following: —

'What is the difference between the new and the old school?'

And I, an old sinner, was afraid for a moment that he would blurt out: 'The difference is that in the old school, you could find blackboards, chalk, pencils, books, and paper, while in the new school you find none of these things.'

But the examining official wanted to hear something about 'labor processes' in the schools.

'There are no labor processes. If our teachers would only teach the children to read and write —'

The next person examined was a fellow who had lived in Petrograd before the Revolution and had formerly been an Anarchist.

'What is the difference between an Anarchist and a Communist?'

The former Anarchist could not answer this in words. He had thought much on the subject, and considered both sides carefully, before making up his mind to leave the Anarchists and join the Communists. After a long time he understood what the difference was. Otherwise he would not have left the Anarchists. But he could not explain their differences briefly. Did it do any good to ask him?

Neither could he answer the next question: —

'Without what is it impossible for nationalized industry to exist?'

But his greatest failure came when the following question was asked: —

'Is it desirable to have the trade-unions independent?'

'Undoubtedly,' he replied. 'The trade-unions should be entirely free to organize and increase production.'

'And is it desirable that the Communist Party should direct the unions?'

'By all means.'

This comrade was an active trade-union worker in 1912–1913, and saw how the trade-unions were hampered and oppressed at that time. He now fancied that the freedom which the trade-unions gained by the Revolution was the same as independence. He does not know that the latter is a term applied by the Mensheviki as a mask for their own manœuvres.

The next member was an elderly peasant. He could not answer any of the

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questions. For instance, they asked him: —

'Do you read the party literature?'

His reply was: —

'Comrades, I get up at two o'clock in the morning, and go to bed at eleven o'clock at night. I have a large family to take care of. When I came back from the army, everything I had was destroyed; there is poverty all around, and the day is n't long enough to do my work. When would I have time to read?'

Then he was asked the following question :—

'Will the institution of the family continue to exist in Communist society?'

And so the thing went on. I noticed that the examiners had an open book in front of them, with the questions already prepared. One of them, a machinist from Tula, looked in the book every time he asked a question. The secretary of the District Party Committee knew his questions by heart, but they all related to the organization of the Party.

As I sat and listened, I recalled the old days, when I was in the army and spent hours learning questions and answers like this: —

'Sosnovsky, who is commander of our corps? What is the name of the Tsar's youngest daughter? Who has the first rank and is last in command?'

'The sergeant, sir,' I would answer, without a second's hesitation.

Returning home, after wasting a whole June day with this sort of nonsense, and passing fields where others were gathering the harvest, the Communists complained bitterly: —

'What is all this foolishness about? Who knows what kind of a family there will be in Communist society? Why don't they ask the peasant Communists how they gather the taxes and arrange the seeding? Or how we can hasten the transmission from individual to collective agriculture? Or how to teach the peasants better farming methods? That's what they ought to ask.'

Then, turning to me, one of them said: 'Do you remember that old chap who could n't answer any questions? Well, he has persuaded nine families to go over to collective farming. Comrade Sosnovsky, do you think the men at headquarters would call that Communist work?'

Let me refer that question to my readers. Is it necessary to take peasants six to twenty miles away from home, right at the end of June, when every moment is needed in the fields, to ask them questions about the mistakes of the Paris Commune, or the charms of family life in Communist society?

The examiners were very strict in asking whether the peasants had read Lenin's pamphlet on the food-tax. I think the examiners either had not read the pamphlet themselves or else did not understand it. Otherwise they would not be tormenting peasant people with scholastic questions out of a printed catechism on a hot June day in 1921. Even the stalks of rye seemed to shake their heads reproachfully at us as we passed them on our way home.

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THE WASTES OF SPITZBERGEN

[An expedition sent out by Oxford University has for some months been engaged in exploration and biological research in Spitzbergen. We print two articles describing this work. The first, by Mr. F. C. R. Jourdain, the leader of the expedition, is from the London Times *of August 25. The second, by Mr. Seton Gordon, is from the* Morning Post *of August 26.]*

I

To the casual observer there seems to be but little change going on in Spitzbergen. There are only two or three settlements of any importance in the whole group, and they are, to all intents and purposes, coal-mining camps. Beyond the presence of a few groups of wooden houses, a jetty or two for loading colliers, and a wireless station, the scene that greets the visitor in 1921 is practically the same that it was fifty years ago. But naturalists, and especially those who are interested in the mammals and birds, will soon discover that great changes have already taken place and are still going on. The whaling industry has long ceased to exist; the walrus is no longer met with along the western coast; and trapping, although still locally profitable, is no longer general. The changes in bird-life are less obvious; but they are going on all the same, and one has only to read descriptions of bird-colonies written little over a decade ago, to realize how different the state of things is at the present time.

Twenty years ago the bays along the north coast were rarely visited except in unusually open years; for the sealing sloops of those days were dependent solely on their sails for motive power, and a sudden change of wind might block the entrance of the bay with drift ice at almost any time. Now all this is altered: every sloop has an oil-engine of some kind, so that the risk has almost disappeared, and it is now possible to work practically the whole west coast, as well as the northern shores as far as Wijde Bay, for eggs and down, with little danger in any ordinary season. What this means to the birds may be inferred from the fact that one sloop, which we met with off Prince Charles Foreland, had on board at the end of June no fewer than 15,000 eggs of eider duck. The season was then by no means over, and large numbers of eggs were being collected daily, as well as large quantities of down. The number of birds actually killed is not large, but the steady and continuous drain on the reproductive energies of the birds must tell in the long run; and the question arises whether the late broods, which are hatched at the end of the season, are sufficiently advanced to be able to stand the rigor of the Arctic winter.

These considerations were brought home to us in an interesting way early in July of the present year. We had worked our way from Ice Fjord along the west coast, stopping to visit some of the eider-holms and bird-rocks on the way, and had then turned eastward, and were now anchored in Liefde Bay. Everywhere the state of things was the same: every big eider colony had been systematically raided at regular intervals for eggs and down. The vast majority of nests contained one or, at most, two eggs, and only occasionally did we meet with a nest with four or five eggs, which had escaped the sharp eyes of the sealers and eggers. With the brent geese the state of things was even worse. The large colonies, that nested on some

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of the eider-holms as lately as 1908 had practically disappeared, and apparently most of the survivors now nest in scattered pairs on the mainland. Here they are liable to be interfered with by Arctic foxes; but the foxes are greatly diminished in numbers, so that, to some slight extent, man's interference with the balance of nature operates in favor of the birds.

There are four main groups of islands in Liefde Bay — Isles de Station, des Mouettes, des Canards, and the Lerner Isles. We had already visited the Station group and found the inevitable sealing sloop, with its usual accompaniments of empty nests. The Mouettes and Canard groups were readily accessible, and probably in a similar condition. The Lerner group, however, lies right at the head of the bay, not far from the huge Monaco glacier, and the passage, though entailing a row of some seven miles in a whaleboat, is practically impossible for a vessel of any size, owing to the numerous rocks at irregular depths beneath the surface, and the fact that no soundings have been charted here.

Perhaps half-way lies a shingle and sand spit, eighty yards long, with a low bluff at one end, rising some ten or twelve feet above the sea. Even from a distance we could see that it was covered with eider-ducks; but it was not till we landed and could look down on the nests from the bluff that we realized what a wonderful sight an untouched eider colony is.

A glaucous gull stood sentinel on the top, ready to take advantage of the temporary absence of any careless duck, while everywhere the eider-ducks shuffled off at our feet. Altogether there were about 130 nests on this little spot, crowded together so closely that they almost touched one another. The most astonishing feature, however, was the extremely large number of eggs in the clutch. Probably the average number of eggs in each nest was about six, but there were very many sets of seven, certainly four with eight eggs, one with nine, and another with ten, just chipping. One nest actually contained thirteen eggs, but this appeared to be a joint-stock affair, as the eggs were of two very different types. Many clutches were obviously much incubated, and probably hatched out in about a week after our visit — that is, about mid-July.

The Lerner Islands furnished us with very similar experiences. Generally a pair or two of glaucous gulls stood on the highest point of each island. As there are no falcons here, and no ravens or crows, these great gulls seem to take their place, and no bird colony is complete without a few pairs of glaucous intently watching for an opportunity to make a meal of any unguarded egg or young. They do not interfere with the eiders as long as they are actually on the nest; and indeed, the eider is able to take good care of herself against any antagonist smaller than an Arctic fox. Moreover, here the drakes seem to spend most of their time by the side of their mates, quite contrary to our experience of this species in Scotland, when the drake might usually be seen at sea while the duck was sitting quietly in some nook on the mainland or island. We noticed that in those places where the nests had been farmed for eggs, every female was accompanied by two, or even three, males on every occasion on which she left the nest. The chorus of 'Oh' and 'Ow,' which is continually being raised by the attendant swains, in every possible tone and inflection, is one of the most characteristic of Arctic bird-sounds, and may be heard almost continuously in the neighborhood of any large colony.

With the exception of a pair or two of snow buntings and the above-mentioned

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glaucous gulls, the eiders had the whole of the Lerner Islands to themselves. The nests were here in great profusion; one shelf of rock had a whole row of nests on it at regular intervals, and the clutches were as large as in the case of the islet first visited. One after another the big, clumsy-looking ducks would unwillingly get up when we were within a few yards, and after doing their best to defile the down and eggs, would waddle off a short distance and then fly down to the sea, where they would at once be surrounded by eager and vociferous suitors. It is altogether a busy scene, and a great contrast to the vast silent glacier with its perpendicular wall of ice and nothing but an occasional gull or a torpid-looking seal lying like a log on the ice to indicate the presence of animal life. Equally barren and forbidding looking were the mountains along the southern shore. Here and there one might distinguish a grazing reindeer, but for miles no living creature came in sight at all, and the harsh cry of the red-throated diver, or the weird, almost human, call of the long-tailed duck were the only other bird-notes heard during the day.

Altogether it was a never-to-be-forgotten experience — a glimpse of the Spitzbergen of the past, before the coming of the oil-engine and the coal prospector. Probably the bird-life of these little islets is still exactly as it was when Lamont paid his first visit to the group in the fifties; but whether it will remain unspoiled for long is at best an open question.

II

SOME four hundred miles north of Norway — north, that is, of the most northerly point of that country — there lies a snow-clad and inscrutable land, Spitzbergen. It is peopled by no race, and is a place of immense solitudes and ethereal mountains. None save those who have actually seen it can form any idea of the distinctive charm of this fairy country — for at times it, in truth, appears as a land of dreams, unreal and intangible. Even the air is different from that of the Norwegian coast. It is of a peculiar clearness, yet the atmosphere is wonderfully soft, and the sky is often of a delicate blue that has no hardness about it and seems, indeed, curious when contrasted with the great array of peaks — all conical and entirely snow-clad.

The very birds have curious and unlooked-for habits here. The fulmar petrel, which in Scotland is altogether a bird of the open sea, and nests only on sea-girt rocks, may in Spitzbergen be seen winging its way — always in an uncanny silence — far up the valleys, to its nesting colonies on the cliff face above some great glacier. The kittiwakes — most sea-loving of gulls — also nest inland, and the little auks frequently make their summer home out of sight of the sea.

But perhaps the most wonderful thing about Spitzbergen during the months of June and July is the sunshine. Should the weather be fine, — and the present season has been singularly kind in this respect, — the sunlight is brilliant and continuous throughout the twenty-four hours. On three occasions — June 25, July 8, and July 9 — during this summer I found the heat of the sun at its greatest (owing to a cool breeze dying away) at midnight. For in Spitzbergen the midnight sun is no pale orb, barely maintaining its position above the horizon, but a thing of power and brilliance, banishing slumber and compelling work and activity. Yet at midday it is lower by far than here in Britain — it perhaps equals its position

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in these latitudes on a mid-September day.

To one arriving at Spitzbergen of a fine June evening the hills and the snow perhaps make the most impression. The hills of Norway are in truth both conical and rugged, yet they are smooth and rounded in comparison with their northern cousins. So steep indeed are these that the winter snows with difficulty find a resting-place, and here and there dark rocks relieve the dazzling whiteness. But the snow — even on the day of late June when I first saw this remote land — covered many of the hills, not inches deep, not feet deep even, but to a depth of several yards. The western coast of Spitzbergen holds many sea locks or fjords, and the greatest of them all is Ice Fjord. This magnificent loch cuts its way inland a distance of over fifty miles, and near its eastern extremity branches into several lesser fjords.

I said before that no race peoples Spitzbergen. I should perhaps have said, 'no native race,' for of late years, attracted by the presence of coal, more than one small mining community has sprung up. Here have come Americans, Britons, Norwegians, Swedes, and Dutch. The Americans have gone — though their name still persists in Long Year City; the rest remain.

A powerful station is situated on the shore of Green Harbour (a small branch of Ice Fjord, on its southern side) and transmits a meteorological report to Norway three times daily. Then, a little way up Ice Fjord there stands a prosperous Norwegian settlement, Long Year City, which the Americans commenced. Here some 300 miners work, and a few of them have their wives and families with them. Across the fjord — the distance is some 12 miles — is the Dutch mining station on Cap Boheman. Both Long Year City and Cap Boheman have their own wireless sets; indeed, there are in Spitzbergen no fewer than seven of these small private stations, all working to the outside world through the more powerful station at Green Harbour.

But, after all, these mining communities are mere specks on a great and desolate country. One may travel by sea from King's Bay up the northwestern coast, and, having rounded Cloven Cliff, steer east right up to North East Land, without passing a single human settlement — for in King's Bay, 79 degrees North, is the farthest-north mining station, and also that with the most regular service of steamers to Norway. King's Bay is a place of wonderful scenery, with glaciers and snowclad peaks, but — to my way of thinking — it cannot be compared with Magdalena Bay, about 40 miles to the northward. This latter bay, or fjord, is small as compared with King's Bay or Ice Fjord; but so beautiful as to seem as if it were the product of some dream or vision.

It may be that we on the sloop Terningen saw it under exceptional weather conditions. Not a breath of air stirred, not a cloud was in the sky, as we moved slowly, by the aid of our motor, up the bay and anchored in English Cove. Ahead of us there gleamed, primrose-colored in the early morning sun, the great Wagon Way glacier. On either side of the fjord, as well as from this glacier, there rose grim mountains. Even at this late date (July 9) there was snow almost everywhere, and from time to time came the rumblings from a distant avalanche.

But the sloop had not been long at anchor when from the west there came slowly forward gray fog vapors, hiding the hills and the snows and rendering dim and indistinct the icebergs in the bay. It was thus when we landed and made our way to a little promontory used by Russian trappers as a burying-place in former years. In Spitzbergen

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the ground is so stony and frost-hardened that graves are very shallow — the coffins are frequently above the level of the ground. The ancient remains of the trappers had entirely disappeared, with the exception of a few stray bones; and almost inside one of the open coffins a snow-bunting was tending her newly-hatched brood. Near by, a pair of Arctic skuas were feigning injury in order to decoy the intruder from their nest; and through the mist there came the loud bark of an Arctic fox — extraordinarily distinct and penetrating. The fox himself was seen to run at high speed up a steep snowfield. More than once he paused for a few seconds, squatting on his haunches and looking back toward us inquiringly — for the mist must have rendered our forms indistinct.

A steep climb of a few hundred feet brought us into brilliant sunshine once more. Beneath us lay the mists. Above us the sky was cloudless and of the deepest blue. A great glacier — Gully Glacier by name — lay before us a few hundred feet distant. Over it there flowed a small stream. On a steep, rocky hill, where the snow had almost gone, immediately above us, little auks in their thousands wheeled and circled above their nesting-crags. One heard constantly their pleasing, twittering cries as they dipped and glided; the sunshine glistened on their plumage, transforming them momentarily to small silver-colored objects. A few glaucous gulls, brilliantly white against the deep blue fields of the sky, sailed majestically and at a great height.

I do not know whether an artist has ever visited Spitzbergen, but it seems to me that a wonderful field is there open to a landscape painter. Though the colors are so marvelous and unexpected, I am doubtful whether anyone putting them on canvas would be credited. Space forbids my writing at all fully of the glorious scenery passed elsewhere — of Cloven Cliff, at the extreme northwestern point of Spitzbergen, where the long swell from the southwest breaks lazily against the smooth rocks. They are lifeless, are these rocks; for thus far north no limpets or barnacles cling, and no mussels maintain their hold. But among the cliffs are many birds. One finds colonies of Brünnichs guillemots, the Arctic form of our own bird of the name, and the little auks, with a few Spitzbergen puffins among them. Then, an hour or so after midnight, snow buntings sing sweetly on the 'scree' above the tide-mark, or search for numbed insects on the frozen surface of the snow.

A little to the east, and on the north coast of Spitzbergen, is Red Bay, a great and wide bay with an immense glacier at its end. It has been calculated that where it reaches the sea, the wall of this glacier is a sheer 200 feet. Steering still east, one reaches the entrance to Liefde Bay, little known and largely uncharted. Here our vessel narrowly missed striking a submerged rock, but her draught was just sufficient to clear the obstacle. In Liefde Bay are many island groups. On the Station Isles one found nesting turnstones, gray phalaropes, eider-duck and Arctic terns. Farther up the field, on the Mouette Islands, were long-tailed duck, purple sandpipers, red-throated divers, and brent geese; while on the Canard Isles was a dense and varied bird population. There was, curiously enough, considerably less snow around Liefde Bay than near Ice Fjord, though the latter is the more southerly of the two, and the hills showed the most wonderful colors in the clear though sunless air.

Northeast of our anchorage beside the Station Islands was a great stretch of low tundra, where reindeer were plentiful. This peninsula has been named by the Prince of Monaco Rein-

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deer Peninsula. It is, in its appearance and plant life, curiously reminiscent of the high plateau of the Cairngorm Mountains, in the central Scottish Highlands. And on it, only a few feet above sea level, grow the same plants which, on the Cairngorms, are to be found between the three-thousand and four-thousand-feet contour lines. They are small and creeping in their habit, are these plants, but their flowers are of a peculiar beauty. There are others not found among the Scottish hills — *Andromeda Tetragona* with delicate wax-like blooms, the small Arctic poppy with cream-colored or greenish flowers (*Papaver Alpinum*), and a charming saxifrage with reddish leaves and curious runners named *Saxifraga Flagellaris*. Its yellow flowers brighten the tundra and compete with the blooms of the Arctic buttercup.

In Liefde Bay a white whale twelve feet long was shot, and its flesh, somewhat resembling steak, was tolerable eating, though its toughness tested the teeth of most. The most northerly point reached by the Terningen was Moffen Islands, just over 80 degrees North latitude. This curious isle is not more than six feet above high-tide mark at any point, and in its centre is a large lagoon, still partly frozen over on July 8. Here we were very near the ice-pack, and much ice could be seen only a few miles to the north of where we anchored.

Little is known of this remote isle, and we found two curious errors in our chart of it. But although this was our most northerly call, it was by no means the most Arctic. Prince Charles Foreland, a long island just north of Ice Fjord, was for its dreariness and snowy wastes by far the most polar land we touched at. Even during the first days of July, there was no ground appearing; snow, ice, and slush lay everywhere, and a bitter wind chilled one to the bone. But even here, in mid-July, purple sandpipers make their nests, and the Arctic skua preys upon the terns that breed on the low shingly stretches just above the tide.

UNVISITED JAPAN. II

BY J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

From *The Daily Telegraph, August* 1, 6, 8.
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE)

BY a strange chance I arrived at Matsue, with which the name of Lafcadio Hearn will always be associated, on the anniversary of his death. His local admirers were holding a memorial meeting. As a foreigner I was honored with a request to speak. First, however, I had the chance of visiting Hearn's house. Matsue was the first place at which Hearn lived. He always remembered it, and at last came back there to marry. Except that a pond has been filled up, the garden of his house is little changed. The interesting feature of the meeting was the old pupils' grateful recollections of Hearn, the middle-school teacher. A sympathetic speech was made by another chance visitor to

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the town, the Secretary of the House of Peers. He recalled the antagonism which the young men of Tokyo University, himself among them, felt toward the odd figure of Hearn — one of his eyes was in a shocking condition and he wore a monocle — when he became a professor, and how very soon he gained the confidence and regard of the class. In that free and easy way in which meetings are conducted in Japan, it was permissible for us to leave after another speech had been made. The proceedings were interrupted while the promoters of the gathering showed my companion and me a collection of books and memorials of Hearn, and accompanied us to the door of the hall.

I do not recall during the time I was in Japan any other public gathering in honor of Hearn, and I met several prominent men who had either never heard his name or knew nothing of the far-reaching influence of his books. But some months after this Matsue meeting, there was included among the Coronation honors a posthumous distinction for Hearn — 'fourth rank of the junior grade'; and in 1921 an appreciation of 'Koizumi Yakamo' — Hearn's Japanese name — was included by the Department of Education in a middle-school textbook.

As we left Matsue by steamer, I saw middle-school eights at practice. An agriculturist on board the vessel told me of the custom of giving holidays to oxen and horses. The villagers carefully brush their animals, decorate them, and lead them to pasture where, tethered to rings attached to a long rope, 'they may graze together pleasantly.'

A small port was pointed out to me as being open to foreign trade. Everybody is not aware that in Japan there is a restriction upon foreign shipping except at specified places, which, however, make a long list. The reason given for the restriction is the unprofitableness of customs houses at small places. Being in doubt about the day of the week, my companion and I spoke of almanacs, and I learned that the publication of almanacs is a Government monopoly. Almanacs are issued from the great shrine at Ise.

When the traveler stands on the northern end of the mainland of Japan, he is 500 miles from Tokyo. In the north of Hokkaido he is a thousand miles away. Hokkaido, the most northerly and the second biggest of the four islands into which Japan is divided, is curiously American. The wide, straight streets of the capital, Sapporo, laid out at right angles; the rough buggies with the farmer and his wife riding together; the wooden houses with stove-stacks, and, instead of paper-covered *shoji*, window-panes — these things are seen nowhere else in Japan, and came straight from America. It was certainly from America that the farmers had their cries of 'Whoa!'

One of the most remarkable facts in the agricultural history of Japan is that a country with a teeming population and an intensive farming should have left entirely undeveloped to so late a period as the early seventies a great island of 25,000 square miles so near its shores. But some progress has now been made, for the population has increased thirty times. Many foreigners have done their bit in helping forward the development which has taken place. During one ten-year period forty-five American instructors, five Russians, four Britons, four Germans, three Dutchmen, and a Frenchman were sent for. The best thing in Hokkaido is the university, with about a thousand students, and a dower of 300,000 acres of land. There is in Hokkaido an agricultural and rural life conceived not only for the north, but for a country where stock may be kept, and a farmer does

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not need to practise the super-intensive farming of Old Japan.

I arrived in Hokkaido in the last week in August in a linen suit, and was glad to put on a woolen one. By September 25 it was snowing. A big notice-board announcing classes in Russian was not without its suggestion; nor were the snowshoes shown among the products of the island at the prefectural exhibition. It is only in Southern Hokkaido that apples will grow, and wolves and bears may still be found within ten miles of Sapporo. On my journey north from that city, the first thing that brought home to me the colonial character of the agriculture was the tree-stumps sticking up in the paddy-fields. The second was the extent to which the rivers were still uncontrolled. The longest river in Japan is in Hokkaido.

The very roughest basha ride I took was to a place seven miles from the rail-head. The journey back, because there were no horses to ride, we made in a narrow but extraordinarily heavy farm wagon, with wheels a foot wide, and drawn by a stallion. Shortly after starting there was a terrific thunderstorm, which soaked us, and hastened uncomfortably the pace of the stallion over the great stones in the road. When the worst of the downpour was over, and we had faced the prospect of slithering about the wagon for the rest of the journey, — for the stallion had made up his mind to hurry, — a farmer's wife asked us for a lift, and clambered in with agility. My companion and I were then sitting in a sodden state, with our backs against the wagon-front and our legs outstretched resignedly. The cheery farmer's wife, who was wet too, plopped down between us, and, when the bumps came, held on to one of my legs with much good-fellowship. She was a god-send by reason of her plumpness, for we were now wedged so tight that we no longer rocked and pitched about the wagon at each jolt. And no doubt we dried more quickly. Providence had indeed been good to us, for shortly afterward we passed the basha that had carried us on our outward journey lying on its side in a *spruit*. We were three hours in the wagon. Our passenger told us that her husband had several farms, and that they were very comfortably off, and very glad that they had come to Hokkaido.

I saw a 700-acre settlement which a Tokyo philanthropist has opened for the reclamation of wastrels. His formula is, 'Feed them well, work them hard, and give them enough sleep.' I noticed on his shelves three books, one English, one American, and one German, all bearing the same title, 'The Social Question.' Needless to say that that work which is omnipresent in Japan, *Self-Help*, had its place. After leaving this colony I saw the huts of some ordinary settlers, who had weathered their first Hokkaido winter. Buckwheat, scratched in in clearings in the woods, was the chief crop. The huts consisted of one room only. Most of the floor was raised above the ground and covered with rough straw-matting. In the centre of the platform was the usual square fire-opening of many peasants' kitchens. The walls of the hut were matting and brushwood. Only a hardy people could endure the severe cold that must be felt in such a structure. The truth is, I was assured, that the snow and good fires, for which there is unlimited fuel, keep the huts warm.

One day in Tokyo, when I happened to turn over the photograph of a British woman war-worker feeding pigs, a Japanese clerk looked over my shoulder and asked if the animals were sheep. Sheep are so rare that an old ram was once exhibited at a country fair as a lion. The difference between the agriculture of the West, based on livestock,

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and the agriculture of Japan, based on rice, could not be more amusingly illustrated. But a section of the Japanese agricultural world turns its eyes longingly to mixed farming; and so, when I returned to Sapporo from my trip to the north of Hokkaido, I was taken to see a Government stock-farm, with a smoking volcano in the background. There were fine cows, some pigs and sheep, two self-binders, a dairymaid who looked to the manner born, and collies. The extent to which the knack of looking after animals and a liking for animals can be developed is an interesting question. Experts in stock-keeping, with generations of experience behind them, will agree that it is on the answer to this question that the success or non-success of the Japanese in animal industry largely depends.

One excuse given me for the ill-treatment of animals in Japan was that 'most sects believe in the reincarnation of the wicked in the form of animals.' Dogs suffered from the popular belief that they were unclean. Cats cannot easily be trained not to spoil matting and woodwork. On the other hand, the view was pressed on me that 'people with experience of animals are fond of them.' Westerners who are familiar with the exquisite and humorsome studies of animal-, bird-, and insect-life by Japanese artists are in no doubt that such work was prompted by real knowledge and love of the 'lower creation.' The Japanese have certainly a keen appreciation of the 'song' of an amazing variety of 'musical' insects. In the house of one of my hosts there were two tiny cages which held 'singing insects.' The cages were hung from the eaves. In the evening, when the stone lantern in the garden was lighted and it was desired to give an illusion of greater coolness after a hot day, a servant was sent up to the roof to pour down a tubful of water, in order to produce the dripping sound of rain, and this at once set the caged insects chirping. As to the overtasking of carters' horses, which is so painful a sight in the cities, one notes that the coolies who haul handcarts are also very frequently overloaded. I do not remember to have seen such ill-treatment of horses in the country districts as may be noticed in the cities.

One difficulty in the way of an animal industry beyond that of unfamiliarity with livestock is the fact that untraveled Japanese have to be educated to a taste for cheese, milk, butter, and mutton. There are Japanese who urge that their countrymen are underfed, and that an animal industry would raise the standard of living. There is also a plea on the part of one well-known scientist for developing a taste for bread. His point is that it is inexpedient that Japan should be so dependent as she is on the rice-crops. At present the average Japanese lives mainly on rice, and on two ingenious bean-products, with vegetables, and pickles. The better-off eat a little fish in addition. Eggs and chicken also enter into the dietary of those who can afford these things. The stand-by as a relish is *katsubushi*, strips of sun-dried bonito, which look like mahogany and must be grated down by the cook.

One of the arguments for sheep-breeding is that Japan would herself produce some of the wool needed for soldiers' and sailors' uniforms, and the increasingly popular *yofuku*, foreign clothes. There were not, however, more than 5000 sheep in Japan at the end of the war. To develop a sheep industry on the basis of animals kept in ones and twos by rice growers is a proposition calling for unlimited optimism. Geologically, Japan seems the wrong country for sheep, and the difficulty of producing a suitable herbage would be very great. What may be done in Hok-

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kaido and in Manchuria is another matter. It is easy to understand how the Japanese, with a big cotton industry based on imported cotton, should take hopeful views of their new woolen industry based on imported wool. Cotton is grown in Japan, but not for the factories; and it will be some time before Japanese wool is worth consideration by the woolen mills.

Getting back to Hokkaido, one of the reasons why its development has not proceeded more rapidly is that emigrants do not willingly seek a climate worse than their own. Then colonization has also been hindered by some of what the late Lord Salisbury called the 'best bits' falling into the hands of big proprietors or proprietaries. There has been absentee landlordism. Also, no doubt, other demands on the Tokyo Treasury have prevented the Hokkaido Government from getting all the money it might have turned to good use in furnishing credit, extending the railway, and generally developing the country.

The visitor returns from Hokkaido, however, feeling that he has met with much that is promising and stimulating. It is possible that Hokkaido may have some influence on the development of old Japan. The settlers in the island are not only testing some national canons of agriculture which need careful scrutiny at this time of day; they are examining some ideals of social life and conduct which, old though they are, may not be perfectly adapted to the new age into which Japan has forced herself.

One evening in Hokkaido I saw a lone cottage in the hills. At its door was a tall pole, on which, at the *Bon* season, the lantern is hung to guide the hovering soul of that member of the family who has died during the year. The settler's lantern steadily burning high above the hut was an emblem of belief that man does not live by gain alone. In whatever guise that belief may express itself, it is the best hope for Hokkaido and Japan.

MY FRIEND THE UTOPIAN

BY STEFAN ERDELYI

From *Pester Lloyd, June* 17
(Conservative German Hungarian Daily)

I was resting after an excursion to an Austrian summer resort. Yesterday I had received a telegram, taken the next express train, spent a merry evening in pleasant company at my destination; and to-day I had returned with many pleasant memories of my impromptu trip. In a word, it was in the good old times of peace.

Suddenly, a man bustled in without announcing himself, threw his hat on the table, and sank exhausted into an easy chair. It was my friend, the Utopian.

'Have you time to listen to me a moment?'

'Naturally, always.'

'I must have someone who will listen

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to me. You know I hate societies and public meetings, and at home — at home they call me a fool.'

'? ? ?'

'Maybe I am. But not on account of what I would do for them.'

'What do you wish to do for them?'

'The same old thing. Make things different.'

'Speak plainer. You keep me asking questions. If you want me to listen, tell your story.'

'People are always talking about life, but what they have to say about it seems to me perfectly nonsensical. It is something absolutely different from what people understand it to be — however, the word understanding is too far-fetched. Just look out of the window. There are a million people in this city who are working their heads off day after day, and many of them night after night, and not one of them knows why he is doing it. They are all blind and deaf. Mighty few of them even understand their own job. They are bogglers, and fakes. Yet not one of them lays down his tools and tells you honestly that he is incompetent. Teachers don't understand what they are teaching, and no one really knows what he wants, or why he acts as he does.'

'Except yourself, naturally.'

'Naturally. For I want the only thing that a man can reasonably want — to get at the bottom of things. I mean really to understand this dance of folly, which I witness, and which I am compelled to join.'

'I am beginning to agree with your family.'

'Why?'

'You're a fit subject for a madhouse. Plenty of men have broken their heads over those questions without solving them.'

He made a gesture of dissent. 'Let me be. I'll succeed yet. All I need is a war.'

'What war?'

'The war that is inevitable; a war that will give mankind such a shock that it will wake up to its madness and folly and start over again — begin at the beginning.'

'All right. We're both of military age.'

'Quite true.'

And the war came. The whole city was in the street. At the corner of the Ring and Rakoczi-ut, I met my friend again. He asked eagerly: —

'Have you read the mobilization order?'

'Of course.'

'Are we mentioned?'

'Not yet. We're too old.'

'Can a man volunteer?'

'Are you mad?'

'I don't think so. You know, of course, that I have looked forward to war as our salvation. A whole nation with a single purpose, a rallying of force such as our age has never dreamed. Whether we win or lose, it affects all; it affects all. All feel like a single man; like one soul. They must comprehend what that means. One for all and all for one.'

'Then you comprehend it all, do you?'

'I? Not yet. That's why I must go, the sooner the better. For, do you know, I don't like to mention it, but I am not sure what it all means myself. One thing is certain though. Everyone will be compelled to discover for himself what the purpose of this whole thing is, what its true meaning is in the mystery of the world. You can't learn that by merely looking on. You must become a part of it; submerge yourself in it; sacrifice yourself to it. Perhaps you will discover then. For what does it matter to me or to you?'

'To me? Why everything!'

'What? No, no, surely. I differ utterly from you there. It's nothing whatever to me personally.'

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'But your family? Your mother?'

'Ah, go 'way! If I die down there what they call a hero, I'll be the pride of the family. I tell you, the only choice is active service!'

By the time Italy joined the war, I too was with the colors. I met my friend again in the Alps, on a high cliff. He had already won three decorations and was known as a bloodthirsty fighter. Naturally, I was exceedingly curious to know whether he had found some meaning in it all.

He was standing by a rivulet, which flowed out from beneath a snow-bank, and had Alpine flowers in his hand.

'See that? That's a miniature poppy, gold and yellow. Did you ever see anything like it before? Those are roses, and this moss pillow, dotted with a thousand red stars, is a carnation. Everything here's entirely different from what it is below. Everything has its real beginning up here. Just see. The sea gets its waters here, and what this little stream washes down will make good soil in a few years. These stones here. They're a workshop and laboratory.'

'So you're right on the spot, where you can watch God creating things?'

'I don't mean exactly that. It's more as if a table were to seize a plane and remodel its cabinet-maker into a dozen white mice.'

'So you have not yet solved your mystery?'

'No, not yet, but I'm getting along.'

'And the enemy?'

'He's down there. You don't see him except on bright days. Then you can look over him way down to the sea, and if it is very clear, you even have a view of Istria as far as Venice. You get an excellent survey from up here.'

'Outlook perhaps?'

'No, no! Survey.'

My heart went back on me up in the high altitudes, and I was sent to a field hospital for examination. My Utopian friend was lying there, too, fearfully crippled. He must have seen the pity in my face, for he waved at me merrily. I exclaimed, —

'So you've discovered it?'

He nodded.

'May I ask what and where?'

'In God.'

I had not expected that answer; for my Utopian had never been a religious man, but rather a heathen with a mystical impulse to seek for a motive — a consecration in life. However, my first impression was wrong, for he continued in his explosive manner: —

'God is life. Not life, as you understand it: I live, thou livest, he lives. It lives in us and through us; it lives in the rocks, in the light, in the wind. It — life — God. Life is the ultimate principle of the world, eternal, all-powerful, unchangeable. It moulds the world. It certainly does so in every respect that signifies anything to us, and probably in every other respect; for we can conceive it only as ubiquitous.'

'So — Pantheism, Brahma?'

'Neither the one nor the other, nor the two together, nor Monotheism, nor Monism, nor fire-worship, nor sun-worship, nor whatever you may say. For all those things are symbols, symbolic conceptions of the same truth.'

'You certainly do not mean to assert — '

'I assert nothing for I know.'

'I do not understand you.'

'Perhaps men cannot understand it. Men must know it, must feel it, must experience it. They must be able to see it.'

'Life?'

'Yes, life. Men merely look at things. What they see are details, forms, phenomena. They don't see the vital inner

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principle which laughs at them from out the whole world.'

'So, primitive Indian wisdom — *Tatwamasi?*'

'Indian or not Indian, but in no case wisdom. It is truth, which, though primitive, is one and unchangeable. You are a book man and paper man. You must have read more about such things than I have.'

'But I know nothing about all this, although you say it is the very vital essence in myself. How should I know it? for, though we are the best of friends, we are so different. Tell me, however, why I do not know it.'

'There it is. I can't explain that yet. We'll have to talk of that again; for do you know, I've a feeling I'll come to the bottom of that also. It's a strange experience, that of reaching the truth.'

After the great collapse, I met him at the Eastern Railway Station.

'Where are you going?'

'To Russia.'

I had learned to expect almost anything of him, but this actually startled me. 'What do you want in Russia?'

'Do you know, the war was n't enough. It amounted absolutely to nothing. Whom did it purify in its furnace of suffering? Whom did it lift out of himself? No one. As soon as the people of the Central Powers began to realize that they were fighting someone stronger than themselves, they became frightened, and the war was lost.'

'But suppose they had not become frightened?'

'If everyone had truly laid himself upon the altar for all, if every man had been inspired by a single purpose, — victory, — we should have won the war, though the whole world opposed us. But you see, you see with your own eyes how the slightest failure undermined morale, and how these things heaped up into still greater disasters.'

'You surely do not deny that our people fought like heroes in this superhuman struggle? When, at any time in history, has a nation held out so long against such uneven odds?'

'Understand me. Relatively we were heroes, but only relatively. Absolute heroism was hardly ever displayed in this war. And only absolute heroism would have brought us victory.'

'What do you mean by absolute heroism?'

'To feel the whole weight, the whole suffering of the war, to be part of it with every fibre of your being and every thought, and to sacrifice yourself utterly to the war and the pursuit of victory. Let us not deceive ourselves. This did not occur in the last war. Do you think differently?'

'No.'

'Well then, the war could have been won in no other way.'

'So you deny that there was any true heroism shown in this war?'

'What we call heroes — or you'll recall the trench term, *Mordskerle* — were for the most part frivolous hotheads. Most of them are now underground. All the rest of the army thought; and thought — as is almost universal today — first of themselves. Very few thought of something else, — perhaps I was among the latter, — but practically no one thought primarily and solely of the war.'

'Let us thank God it's over and stop grumbling about it.'

'My God, it was much too short, and did n't bring us what I hoped!'

'Are you contradicting me on principle?'

'Do you think I am as stupid as that? See here. The salvation of the world can come only through suffering, immeasurable suffering. If men understood life and followed its commands, as they are revealed step by step in nature, there would be no suffering. But

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either they are blind, or they do not see aright. For truth is like a sheet of glass. People look through it and forget it is there. At the most, they merely notice some defect or speck of dirt upon it. What men discover is, therefore, at first untruth — error. Untruth, and error, are almost universal in our laws, morals, knowledge, and faith. It is thus that men come into conflict with truth, with all-powerful life. That is the origin of suffering — of everything that is ugly, evil, and distorted. The pane of glass must be washed.'

'So you are going to Russia as a convert to Bolshevism?'

'No, not that. I am merely seeking the place where men suffer most. Men learn only from suffering. Only suffering teaches wisdom to the soul — if men are still capable of suffering. Suffering alone redeems.'

'Many thanks. In that case, it's better to die to-day than to-morrow.'

'There you are again! You call it fleeing from life, and that's your greatest error; for I tell you you flee only from yourself. It's life that has judged you, and weighed you, and found you wanting. Suicide is a futile comedy — one man playing the part of judge, criminal, and executioner, and posing as if it were a tragedy! Life is the most glorious thing that is. It is power, justice, freedom, love, beauty. But a man must know it. For life I will sacrifice anything. Could you see it as I do, you might perhaps live for its sake.'

'Why can't I see it as you do?'

'Because you imagine that you are living for yourself. To suffer for one's own sake is not worth the trouble. Do you realize what a judgment you pass upon yourself by thus conceiving your own life? The point is right there. But we will not confess to ourselves what paltry beings we are; and by this refusal we make ourselves even more paltry. The glory of life, for which we exist and from which we derive our meaning and consecration, we refuse to see. At the utmost a few realize that through some failure in themselves all that they do and think becomes sin and unreason. But the truth is so obvious. Men merely refuse to see it; for it would disturb their composure and self-satisfaction. Yes, yes! I'm leaving. No offense. There's my train. I trust that we shall meet again.'

And, smiling happily, he hobbled off on his journey to more suffering.

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THE NEW FRENCH ARMY

BY GENERAL VON KUHL

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, August* 12
(HUGO STINNES PRESS)

IT has been necessary completely to reorganize the French army, both because the lessons of the war demanded it, and because public opinion insisted upon a shorter term of active service. Three important laws determine the organization, strength, and composition of the new army and its staff. The results deserve careful attention, because they tell us what conclusions the principal military power of Europe has drawn from its war experience, and because they suggest something of the military and political objects which that country has in view.

Naturally, the new proposals have been widely debated by army specialists. The first question was: which promises to prove most important in the next war, men or materials? There is no question that the perfection of our machinery for killing people, the invention of tanks, machine-guns, bombing planes, and gas, have radically changed our methods of fighting and have exalted machinery to a position it has never before occupied. But the machine alone is not yet the determining factor. 'Both men and machines' is France's answer to this problem.

It was necessary to drop the three-years military service. That was an institution introduced in 1913, solely in view of the coming war with Germany. It could not be permanently maintained. On May 8, 1914, the Belgian Ambassador in Paris, Baron Guillaume, officially predicted in a dispatch to his government: 'Within two years France will have to abolish three-years service or fight.'

It is important to understand clearly the relation of the active period of service to both the peace strength and the war strength of the army. The peace strength depends, not only upon the number of recruits received each year, but also on the length of active service. France has decided to maintain a two-years service for the present; but after 1922 to reduce the length of service to eighteen months. However, this will not necessarily reduce the war strength of the army. That depends upon the number of recruits received each year and the number of trained soldiers who may be mobilized in time of war. Peace strength affects the army when placed upon a war footing mainly by the frame-work which the peace army provides for the latter. With this fact in view, France has decided to adopt the eighteen-months period of service, subject to certain qualifications: the number of reënlistments in excess of the soldiers undergoing training shall be raised from 50,000 to 100,000, and the number of black soldiers shall be raised from 200,000 to 300,000.

While the peace strength of the French army immediately before the war was 883,500 and after the war 840,000, it will be reduced the present year, after the two-years period of service goes into effect, to about 670,000 men including native troops. After the eighteen-months period of service goes into effect, in 1923, the strength of the

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army on a peace footing, including reënlistments, would fall to 450,000 men, were it not for the large increase in native troops.

However, the reduced size of the army on a peace footing does not imply an equivalent reduction on a war footing. The war strength will not be lessened, but will be increased by the addition of the 100,000 native troops mentioned. Furthermore, the age of active service has been raised from twenty-eight years to thirty, so that two years are added to the war strength at this point. At forty years of age reservists are transferred to the territorial army. . . .

The most important change in the internal organization of the army is the reduction of the infantry and the cavalry, the great increase in artillery and engineers, and the tremendous additions to the airplane and tank services.

Before the war France had 173 regiments of infantry. It now is to have 84 regiments plus two additional Zouave regiments and 31 additional regiments of native guards or Turcos. Serious opposition has already arisen to this large increase of colored troops. It is proposed to compensate for the diminished infantry forces by increasing largely the number of tanks. There will be fourteen regiments of the latter.

Turning to the cavalry, the number of regiments in the new army will be 67 instead of 89 as formerly. Among the regiments retained are 14 of African Spahis. Naturally, this reform also has evoked bitter opposition, and one hears of the 'death of the cavalry.'

Meanwhile, the number of artillery regiments has been increased from 75 in 1914 to 84 under the new plan. When the war broke out, France had ten aviation sections and four airship sections. It proposes to keep up in the future 80 sections of observation airplanes, 100 sections of battle-planes, and 19 sections of airships. The great preponderance of battle-planes is significant. At the present time, France maintains 468 bombing planes along the German border, ready for instant service.

In preparation for this reorganization, the infantry and cavalry are already being diminished in order to obtain men for the additional artillery, aviation, and tank formations. At the beginning of the year 31 infantry regiments had been disbanded, and only 72 regiments were at full strength. One cavalry addition has likewise been disbanded.

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NATIONAL MARTYRS AND MATTERS OF OPINION

BY HERMANN WENDEL

From *Die Glocke, July* 11
(Conservative Socialist Weekly)

Devotees of the old imperial standard are wildly indignant over the 'Leipzig disgrace.' At that city our judges have lifted one corner of the curtain which still hides Germany's war practices from many a trusting schoolgirl mind, and has given the people a momentary glimpse into the brutal reality that lurks behind it. Accusations that a man dared not whisper during the war, unless he courted a sentence to jail or to the trenches, have been confirmed beyond question by the highest tribunal of the land. Germans have slaughtered unarmed prisoners at the front. Germans have kept children eight and ten years old in prison for months, in violation of every dictate of law or morality. Germans have abused, beaten, kicked, struck with their rifles, war prisoners held in our country. They have compelled sick prisoners to perform heavy labor and trussed them up to posts for any remissness. Finally, Germans have torpedoed hospital ships on the high seas and complacently watched them sink. The first six trials have already brought out this array of atrocities, calculated to bring a blush of shame to any honest German. *Der Tag* is quite right — so far as words go — in its comment: 'Millions of our people are utterly incapable of feeling — or of feeling adequately — the disgrace of such an unprecedented humiliation. They have become callous under our yoke of contempt. They have lost all sense of shame.'

How is this? *Der Tag*, a German nationalist daily, expressing sentiments so humane, so rational, so wise politically! No fear of that! The words are just as we have quoted them, but the disgrace to which they refer is quite another thing. This outraged editor pours forth the vials of his indignant wrath — because such atrocities have been duly punished. To the whited-sepulchre souls of these pan-Germans, sinking a hospital ship laden with wounded is not a disgrace; slaughtering helpless French prisoners is not even a brutality; abusing little Belgian children is no sin against humanity. The disgrace consists in the fact that men should be haled before a court for committing these atrocities. To this section of the German press these brutes are noble patriots. Their punishment makes them to these editorial eyes, 'martyrs of political justice'! Something more than mere party differences separate us from men who can extol such brutes and beasts as national martyrs. We are divided from them by a moral gulf which nothing can bridge. We are honestly ashamed to belong to the same nation with these eulogists of bestial brutality — we blush to dwell within the borders of the country they inhabit.

These apologists and glorifiers of German war crimes justify their attitude by the war crimes of our enemies, of which they present us a pompous catalogue. Quite true, it is as false to assume that we alone were guilty of tearing the law of nations to shreds with our bayonets, as to fancy that, during the wild revel of carnage through which we have passed, only devils were

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ranged on one side and angels on the other. There were only too many Huns and barbarians under both banners. As early as February, 1920, the French Socialist, Vaillant-Couturier, drew up a horrifying list of atrocities committed by the French army. He had personally heard French officers boast of having shot German war prisoners merely to test their revolvers. He had personally witnessed the killing of wounded. He knew the names of officers who had shot disarmed Germans after they surrendered, and had claimed and received promotions for these atrocities. In *Humanité* a well-known writer, Gouttenoire de Toury, charged General Martin de Bouillion, a division commander, with having issued the same inhuman order which the German, General Stenger, was accused of having issued to his troops at the sixth trial at Leipzig — to take no prisoners. By refusing to listen to these charges and others like them, and by passing over their own guilt in silence, the French dishonor themselves; but Germany does not dishonor herself by bringing her war criminals to book for their crimes.

Moreover, these brawling, rowdy patriots of ours do not appeal to the guilt of our enemies in order to hasten a reign of humanity and justice, but because these charges are cheap stimulants of national hatred. When one side clamors: 'See the German barbarians!' they shout even louder: 'See the English slave-drivers! See the French assassins!' But we make no progress that way.

To be sure, our accused appear before the bar of justice in the guise of innocence, convinced of their uprightness and confident of the applause of the gallery. They boldly bluff out their case; and Major Crusius, whom the accumulated horrors of a single day of such carnage so shocked that he suffered a mental collapse, stands out among them as almost humane by reason of this temporary weakness. The others see nothing in their conduct but virtuous obedience to orders. They all have the same mechanical mental outlook. They all shot men who had surrendered, cursed and maltreated prisoners, threw children into dungeons, sank hospital ships — unconscious that they were violating the most rudimentary laws of humanity and morality, and convinced that they were serving God, King, and Fatherland. Were the criminals brutalized Apaches or slum-bred degenerates, instead of good-natured, frank, blue-eyed, blond-haired, average Germans, it would not be so bad; the most hopeless and depressing feature of these trials is that such crimes are not the excesses of a few abnormal criminals, but the planned and intended product of a predevised and perfected system.

What a moral impossibility this system has become is illustrated at Leipzig by the expert witnesses. High army officers, with broad red stripes down their trousers, generals holding places of honor and distinction in our republic, testified that these acts were right and proper, and praised the accused as model soldiers, apparently regretting only that they could not bestow on them some new decoration or distinction. General von Fransecky, when asked whether it was permitted under the regulations to beat prisoners, replied indifferently that it was a 'matter of opinion.' In truth, anything affecting human dignity and human self-respect was a mere matter of opinion for this cold, mechanical, dehumanizing Prussian system, whose creed had no place for anything but force. In peace all must be subordinated to the state, and when weapons are drawn, to the call of war. The handbook of the German General Staff for the guidance of military officers taught that humanitarian considerations, the sparing of human life and property, came into play only

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'so far as the nature and object of war permit.' This system, as preached by Hindenburg himself, teaches that the most cruel methods of war are the most humane, because they shorten war. This system burned Belgian villages and executed innocent men *en masse*. This system is responsible for the Belgian deportations, for the creation of the Somme desert, for the destruction of the mines in Northern France, for torpedoing the Lusitania, for tolerating Armenian massacres — and with all these things on their conscience, its champions parade before the public today as proudly and defiantly as ever!

Scharnhorst, one of the greatest and perhaps most humane of Prussia's great army leaders, wrote to a friend in 1794: 'Military honor and, I fear, the moral standards of the German nation will be seriously lowered by this war.' That might serve as a text for the war which began a hundred and twenty years later. What men call military honor has been defiled by the German army practices revealed at Leipzig. The presiding officer of the court, who is certainly no enemy of imperial Germany, admits this. But the vision of the German nation has been so distorted and blinded by the war, that many of our people really think these Leipzig criminals are national martyrs. Let them, if they will, crown these men with laurels and erect monuments to their honor. None the less a day will come when sanity and reason will return, and the most hardened East-Elbe Junker will recall with shame the moral chaos of our morbid days.

For the progressive, sound-thinking masses of the German people, it is no longer a mere 'matter of opinion' that the whole system laid bare at Leipzig must be thrown down, to the last stone, and that even that last stone must be crushed to powder.

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THE MARSEILLAISE

BY ROBERT HOHLBAUM

[*It is hardly necessary to say that this imaginative version departs somewhat from the true history of the origin of the* Marseillaise. *Its author is a gifted young Vienna writer, who has recently published a collection of historical tales which is attracting much attention.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, August* 11
(Conservative German Hungarian Daily)

In Southern France there is a certain little old-fashioned town. A church-tower rises from its midst, around which its houses cluster as closely as sheep around a wether. The streets are so narrow that people can shake hands across them from the opposite windows. The pavements are dark. But that does little harm, for the sun shines bright in the market-place, and only a couple of steps away, just outside the town gate, lies the public forest. The local wine is clear and golden, and there is always a sunny glow in the people's hearts. So the residents tolerate easily the gloom of their narrow streets.

One of the town's inhabitants, however, was ever impatient of these shady passages. He lived in a high attic, whence he could look out over the neighboring roofs to the tree-clad hills beyond. Every day, as soon as he returned from the gloomy office where he worked, he would gaze in revery over the billowy forest, whether it were green in the full warmth of its summer verdure, or garbed in the brilliant motley of the early frosts, or white with winter's snow; whether the finches and the nightingales were singing in its branches or the stag was calling through its wintry silence.

Rouget de l'Isle, the town clerk, had never traveled beyond the range of his present vision. He seldom made even a short coach-journey to a neighboring village. On such rare occasions he was homesick and ill at ease until he was safely at home again. Whenever he returned from these short excursions, he would stroll through the narrow streets, stopping before each familiar house, and admiring each beautiful wall or interesting old portal. He would listen to the chimes in the neighboring church-spire, and then retire to his peaceful rest. The next morning, nevertheless, he would again gaze out of his lofty attic window and dream of the lands beyond the distant heights that bounded his farthest vision.

This odd inconsistency in his nature was possibly explained by his ancestry. His mother had been an industrious, home-loving woman, who knew every brick and stone, as well as every human being, in the town; and she loved them the more warmly because a life of strange vicissitudes had forced her to be long an exile from them.

But a *Wanderlust* burned in the veins of Rouget de l'Isle, and fought incessantly against his love of home.

Of his father he knew little. His mother never mentioned him. He conjectured, however, from the gossip of the neighbors, that presumably he was a gentleman of rank who had deserted his humble bride soon after marriage, sending her from time to time barely enough for her support.

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This history — or fancied history — filled Rouget de l'Isle from early boyhood with bitter hatred of the nobles, whose privileges enabled them to despise and disregard the happiness of the common people. Though he had been town clerk for many years, he still resented the humble bow he was obliged to make each morning to the burgomaster.

But this resentment was not due solely to his hatred of the ruling class. Unconsciously he had imbibed something of the pride of birth, and secretly he felt that he might be a better man, after all, than these local dignitaries whose fathers had been soap-boilers, traders, and olive merchants. However, he was not conscious of the latter sentiment. It dwelt in his heart without his knowing it.

His theories were very radical for the little town in which he lived. Sou by sou he had saved up a few gold pieces, with which he bought books from itinerant venders. He did not purchase silly novels, or even the famous dramas of the court poets. His choice was the reprobated works of Rousseau and Voltaire, and, occasionally, anonymous writings by men who prudently concealed their names lest they end their lives in the Bastille.

So long as it was light, Rouget de l'Isle would sit in his attic window, and gaze across the country until the distant hills were lost in purple dusk, and finally nothing could be seen except the neighboring gables, which reminded him only of his cramped surroundings. Then he would sigh, draw his chair away from the window, light a candle, and bring forth his forbidden treasures. Soon he was deeply immersed in these dangerous works. When he finally laid them aside, he would return to the window and stare out into the night, filled with dreams of revolt and ambition.

Finally, the day came when he could read these books in public. Vague rumors reached the tiny town, which produced a most varied effect upon its different residents. Some crossed themselves, buried their treasures, and were unable to sleep. Others laughed and said the stories were the fancies of someone's wild imagination. Still others — restless, discontented men — raised their heads higher, refused to step aside when their betters passed, drank an extra bottle of wine of an evening, and waited impatiently for more things to happen.

When Rouget de l'Isle finally heard the complete story, — that the third estate in Paris, the disfranchised public, had seized political power, that even noblemen and churchmen had deserted their old associates and joined the people, — his head fairly whirled, and for a time all was tumult within his soul. Then followed a great mysterious stillness. It was not that he was surprised by what had happened. He had long dreamed of this, and of far more than this. But to have it an actuality! Moreover, when he had dreamed of this, it was always he who spoke the fatal word, who made the public bow to his will, who humbled the pride of the nobles. But now the men who were doing all these things were strangers, whose names he had never heard.

Finally his longing grew greater than he could bear. He knew before that many other men were longing and dreaming like himself; but now they were doing things and only he, only he — He must go away, must help to do things.

Evening descended. The countryside seemed more beautiful than ever. The forest whispered more mysteriously, the river murmured more melodiously, the warm summer night enfolded him in its soft mantle more gently than ever be-

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fore in his memory. His dreams were loftier and fairer. They carried him away from the miserable realities of his life. At last his heart seemed to beat in a new rhythm. He felt himself surrounded by an atmosphere of lyric exaltation. A melody sounded in his ears. Strangely enough, however, it was not tender and soft, like the gentle country evening, but stirring and powerful, like an approaching storm. He could hear the footsteps of marching millions, the tread of an army sweeping all before it — and himself at its head. All these following millions were singing his song, which rose high above the tumult of the tempest. Far and wide it could be heard, sounding on and on until it compassed the whole globe.

Gradually the verses and the melody became more distinct. He caught them by word and note. Rouget de l'Isle hummed them, declaimed them, as in a dream. At last he roused himself, startled by his own strange mood. During the interval, the landscape had grown black and the stars bright. But the words kept ringing in his ears ever clearer and more intelligible. Rouget de l'Isle lighted a candle, took a sheet of paper, sharpened a quill, and wrote and wrote until all was written. Then he read over his composition and lay down to dreamless sleep.

As the summer advanced, rumor after rumor from Paris penetrated to this quiet corner of France. Prudent men concealed the last of their property, and became still more distrustful and reserved; doubters no longer scoffed; young radicals swaggered more boldly. Almost every day some ambitious young fellow would find the town too narrow for him and, making a shoulder-pack of his scanty belongings, would sally forth to seek his fortune. But in the midst of all this confusion and excitement, Rouget de l'Isle continued, apparently undisturbed, his quiet round of life.

Often in the quiet of the evening, the old tumultuous emotions would come back to him, firing his blood with fever. But these crises always passed, leaving him the same as before.

One night, however, as he was taking his evening meal, at the usual hour, at the little inn he patronized, he observed a stranger seated at a neighboring table. The host and his wife and a serving boy stood around him, listening with wide-open eyes to what he had to say. He came directly from Paris, from the very centre of the storm. What he reported was vivid with the life and color of a participant. Rouget de l'Isle listened and listened and forgot to go home. When the stranger came over and took a seat at his table, the town clerk's breath fairly deserted him, and he drank a deep draught of wine to conceal his agitation. Yet his ears had never been keener, he had never before been so thirsty for real news.

The stranger opened the door wider and wider to the great tempting world beyond, until the quiet, retired, little town where Rouget de l'Isle lived seemed to grow dim and fade out of his consciousness, as if his being had no room for more than the great new wonderful vision which now unrolled before him.

Suddenly, during a pause in the conversation, the town clerk felt a quick pang of envy. Why must he listen thus in admiring silence, while the talkative stranger recounted his endless experiences? Was he himself, then, so mean and humble? He had not seen much of the world, to be sure. But was seeing the world the sole clue to greatness? Was not there something else in life? Again he felt the old tumultuous longing seize him. The stranger kept on talking. Rouget de l'Isle listened to every

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word. Finally, he could no longer contain himself. The storm in his own soul rose higher and higher. His own song throbbed in his ears louder and more insistent than even the stranger's voice.

Rouget de l'Isle finally spoke. His heart beat fast. His pulse fairly hammered in his veins. He began to recite the first verse of his song, and then it was as if the words were snatched from his control. It was as if another greater than he, to whom he listened and at whom he marveled, were speaking through his lips.

The stranger, suddenly silenced, regarded the young villager with awe-struck astonishment. The song was finished. There was utter silence. At length the stranger stammered: —

'What's that? I've never heard it!'

'My song,' said Rouget de l'Isle, avoiding the stranger's gaze. He had come to himself and was ashamed.

'Thy song, citizen? Thy song? Didst thou write it?'

The young man nodded.

The candle-end flared in the night breeze from a half-open window. Its flame bent toward the stranger, then back over the clenched trembling hands of Rouget de l'Isle.

The stranger shook his head and said in a lower voice: 'Give me the song.'

Rouget was silent.

'Give me the song.'

Rouget felt in his pocket and drew out a sheet of paper. The stranger snatched it. Rouget clung to it for a moment, with a momentary pang at this self-surrender. Then it slipped from his hand, and the stranger bent over it reading and reading. In the murky light of the expiring candle, the paper looked as if it were bathed in blood.

A wine-dealer of the little town, who had been to Paris on business, first brought back the news that a new song was being sung in every street of the great city; but all he could recall of it was that it carried men away, that it fired men's souls like the strong wine that lay in his cellar.

A second visitor brought back the first stanza. He repeated it to the rest one evening in the tavern, and was startled to see the town clerk, Rouget de l'Isle, standing suddenly before him, trying to speak and unable for a moment to articulate. At last he mastered himself sufficiently to stammer out a question.

'You ask where it is being sung,' replied the man. 'Everywhere! Everyone knows it, from the members of the Convention down to the street-sweepers. They are singing it with bare heads, the way they used to sing in church. And it is surely a fine song. I wish I could remember it. Why, Rouget,' he added jokingly, 'you'll surely hear it the next time you go to Paris.'

'If I go to Paris, of course I'll hear it.'

For a moment Rouget's strange manner disturbed his companions. Then they began to laugh. Under cover of their laughter, the town clerk left the inn.

It was a dark night of the late summer. Masses of clouds were chasing across the heavens, here and there releasing for a moment a helpless star, only to swallow it again. The wind was rising in the neighboring woods. All nature seemed restless and alert. When Rouget gazed out from his attic window, he found no solace for his uneasy eyes. The trees were lifting their arms wildly to heaven. The roar of the approaching storm drowned the song in his heart. His song! Far, far away thousands were marching to the rhythm of his song! Thousands upon thousands of his fellow men! They were bringing

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liberty to the world! In his name! Through his power! And he? The leader of the freed? He was hiding far from the path of the storm, in stolid, slothful peace! The thought was unendurable.

No one could fathom the riddle. One morning the desk of the town clerk at the *mairie* was vacant. The next day, he did not come. He was not at his lodgings. Then, a returning postilion reported that Rouget had traveled with him to the next station, where he had boarded the big coach for the capital.

It was a ten-days' wonder in the little village, and was still the common theme of conversation when the fugitive was already wandering helplessly through the endless, narrow, crowded streets of the metropolis, battered hither and thither by the passing throng, not knowing where to turn, and too timid to inquire. For he discovered in the eyes of these people no trace of the innocent candor of his Southern countrymen. There was something evil in their gaze, which intimidated him. It was already dark when he found himself in front of an immense building, whose barred windows seemed to repeat the evil glances of the men he met. It was a lofty gray building of many stories, which seemed almost to cut off the view of the sky above. Only one little corner of heaven could be seen through a narrow rift between the lofty cornices.

Rouget de l'Isle was weary and homesick. A couple of dark forms passed him once or twice, paused at a street-corner, returned, consulted, looked at him suspiciously, and pointed to the lofty, mysterious building. He felt as if something threatened him. The high walls seemed to draw nearer as if to enclose him. He was seized with a desire to know what the building was, and perhaps to banish thus the uncanny impression it made upon him. So he conquered his timidity, went up to one of the men, and inquired.

The ragged fellow looked at Rouget suspiciously for a moment, as if to fathom his intention, then asked in turn: 'Are you a stranger here, citizen? Naturally you must be, else you would know the Saint-Lazare.'

'What is Saint-Lazare?'

'The prison.'

Another man came up and volunteered the remark: 'Where the cursed aristocrats are fed.'

'Until they get a chance to betray us again to the Capets.'

'They'll not live to see that day.'

'No, but the Goddess of Liberty!'

The second man listened for a moment. 'Are they coming already?'

The first man crept to the corner and listened.

'I don't hear anything yet.'

They left Rouget and crept around the building like cats, occasionally looking toward the south.

Rouget felt lonelier and more deserted than ever after this incident. He was chilled to the marrow. How warm the evenings were back home; when he used to sit at his window and gaze far away over the forest! He closed his eyes to shut out the repellent gray wall of the mysterious building. He imagined he could hear the soothing murmur of the breeze in the forests at home. The sounds of a distant melody reached his ears. It seemed to bring Rouget a welcome return of strength. Louder and louder grew the chorus. He could already hear individual voices and catch the words. Suddenly, he started up. He knew those words. Those were the words of his song. The men to whom Rouget had spoken moved hither and thither restlessly; but at last stood still and bared their heads and joined the song. By this time Rouget could hear

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it clearly. His song! The very street shook with it. The walls took it up and echoed it.

By this time the singers were in sight. Women with red caps, men with long, ragged trousers, torches, axes, and spears. However, this was all like a dream to him. He merely listened and drank in the words. He was caught in the mob, shoved to one side, pressed against the wall. Yet, he is the king of these people! He is their leader! It is his melody that inspires them! It is he who is leading them against this great repellent building and into a new life!

The front ranks throw themselves against the gate of the prison. Others bring a heavy beam which they batter against it. The doors yield; the building is open; the way is free. Rouget de l'Isle rejoices with the others, though he knows not why.

Suddenly, the mob recoils and opens the way for two *sans-culottes*, who lead out an old man with a face as white as his peruke. The stiff spindly arms he lifts in self-defense are as puny and helpless as his ridiculously twisted cue. Then comes a young woman, whose once elegant gown is a mere tatter of rags, which she vainly tries to gather about her to conceal her person. Next follow a youth casting wild, incredulous glances about him, and many, many others, all wearing the remnants of once costly garments. All the while the people continue to chant the song. And as they chant it, they fall upon the aristocratic prisoners just released, strike down the old man, tear the last remnant of her rags from the young woman, and slaughter with daggers and axes and spears those who follow. All this to the accompaniment of the song!

First blood!

Rouget de l'Isle stands transfixed. The words of the song, his song, pierce his breast like daggers. In front of him sways a gigantic man with a distorted countenance, grasping with his left hand the white throat of a woman of the aristocrats, singing at the top of his voice, his axe already lifted for the blow. Suddenly, Rouget de l'Isle strikes at him wildly with his fists, throws himself upon him, struggling and shouting — anything to silence that song, that frightful song!

The angry giant raises his axe again. The song seems to die away. Its place is taken by the murmuring of the breezes in his native hills; the landscape of his homeland floats dreamily before his vision. Now and then the melody comes back, but softly, softly, as in those happy days at home when he first heard it ringing in his ears.

Again the mob rushes forward, storming on over the dead body of Rouget de l'Isle, but chanting still his song, his tragic song.

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MAZZINI'S METAMORPHOSES

BY ALESSANDRO LUZIO

From *La Stampa, August* 13
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

Giuseppe Mazzini could display upon occasion great talents as a humorist, and he lavished upon a few intimate friends a wealth of charming nonsense and amusing parody. He could imitate to perfection, with the seriousness of a true artist and without descending to caricature, the singing of a typical English girl — the type that persists in murdering melodies in Italian, to the distress of every sensitive ear within the reach of her voice; or he would recount with a smile the ingenuous artifices by which he had passed unobserved under the very eyes of the police posted to arrest him.

Obvious motives of prudence prevented either him or his more intimate friends from revealing these strategems, and one of the most absorbing and romantic chapters of Mazzini's biography will eventually be an authentic account of some of these incidents. I say authentic, because, if we are to believe old police reports and newspaper stories, he anticipated and surpassed Fregoli in his sudden and extraordinary transformations. He was said to keep an extensive wardrobe of disguises always within reach, which enabled him to go about as a priest, a monk, a Protestant clergyman, an army officer, a sailor, a miller, an eccentric traveler, a gentleman of the world — and so on without end.

But these were mostly fables that the police invented to excuse their mortifying failure to capture the tireless agitator. The truth was that Mazzini, who was generally straitened for funds, never had money enough to buy such a theatrical wardrobe. All the garments in his humble London lodgings were those thrown over a few book-encumbered chairs. Furthermore, he disdained such vulgar devices in any case, and regularly depended for safety on his own courage and presence of mind, and his intuitive comprehension of situations and persons.

You could deceive Mazzini in correspondence and in superficial matters. But as soon as he fixed his eyes upon a person, though an utter stranger to him, he knew infallibly whether or not he could trust him. The numerous spies who were engaged by reactionary governments to trap him never caught him napping.

When his anxious mother urged him to be on his guard, he replied calmly: 'Rest at ease. I am no fool. I will be as prudent as one could ask.' He would have risked visiting her in Genoa without the slightest hesitation. He wrote: 'The thing is easier than others think.' But so long as his mother was alive, he remained away, in compliance with a promise. After her death, Mazzini made several trips through Piedmont and Liguria; and he remained at Genoa for several months in 1857, in defiance of the Sardinian and French authorities, both of whom were making every effort to lay hands on him.

The fact is that Mazzini employed the simplest and most obvious devices to conceal himself, believing that they were the safest. Consciously or

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unconsciously, he adopted the method that Poe suggested in one of his extraordinary stories, 'The Letter,' where that author describes how secret agents measure and map a house from roof to foundation, to discover an important document which they know is hidden there. They tear up the floors, search every conceivable corner, and sound the walls. Meanwhile, the letter is in sight of everyone, lying on a bookshelf, where no one would think of looking for a paper of that character.

This is precisely the way in which Mazzini eluded the authorities of many countries. They sometimes organized regular expeditions to kidnap him elsewhere, when he was actually residing within their own jurisdiction. Their official papers would denounce him as a cowardly intriguer, who feared to come out into the open, and shoulder the responsibility for his 'folly,' at a time when he was tranquilly living almost without disguise under the Argus eyes of their police, and even conversing with the latter in the guise of a worthy law-abiding citizen, dutifully respectful toward the agents of public order.

Up to the date of his first arrest, in 1830, he constantly followed this plan of avoiding danger by calmly facing it. One morning the police suddenly invaded Mazzini's house, discovering an old man-servant, but not their expected victim, who was absent. However, Mazzini returned from a *Carbonari* expedition while they were going through his papers, and seeing that he had fallen into the jaws of the lion, represented himself as one of Dr. Mazzini's clients who had come to summon him in a case of serious illness. The gendarmes hesitated. But the commissioner of police, who was well informed as to Mazzini's personal appearance, arrived just in time to order his arrest.

Though the stratagem failed this time in his native city, it served Mazzini well on several occasions during his stormy career, when he was dealing with the police of other cities, who were not so well qualified to recognize him. In those days the agents of the government did not possess the means of identification now at their disposal. Photographs had not been invented, or were very poor. People were usually identified by the rather inadequate data on their passports. In the case of Mazzini, the police were furnished with more accurate descriptions, some of which were very flattering. One of these, issued in 1833, described him as follows: 'Of medium stature, thin features, olive complexion, with a longish face, black hair, brilliant black eyes, a handsome forehead, small black moustache, an attractive, sonorous voice, a ready speaker, noble carriage, and energetic in all his actions.' But even this description was incomplete. It lacked one important detail — a black birthmark near the mouth, which Mazzini inherited from his mother. He refers to this in one of his letters, in which he congratulates himself upon his physical as well as his moral likeness to her.

The woodcuts and lithographs of Mazzini published during his early life facilitated his concealment instead of aiding in his capture. After making several unhappy blunders through arresting the wrong person on the strength of these, the police refused to place any confidence in them.

One of the most elaborate of these personal descriptions was made in 1832 at Marseilles, when the government of Louis Phillippe, seriously embarrassed by the Young Italy agitation, ordered Mazzini to leave the country. In his autobiographical note of 1860, the latter says that from this time dates,

> that manner of life which kept me for twenty-two years out of thirty a voluntary

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prisoner within the four walls of my lodgings. I do not regret them. The devices by which I eluded my pursuers; the double spies who served the authorities and myself simultaneously for a trifling compensation, sending me the same day copies of the reports they made regarding me to the government; the odd way in which, when my hiding-place was discovered, I once persuaded the prefect of police to let me leave under the guard of two of his agents, in order to avoid scandal, and then sent back in my place to Geneva a friend who resembled me, — while I passed his bailiffs in the uniform of the National Guards, — do not belong to this record. It is not my design to gratify the curiosity of inquisitive readers, but to preserve for future generations some incidents of history. It is enough to say that I remained for a whole year at Marseilles, writing, correcting proofs, corresponding and holding interviews at night with representatives of our Party who came from Italy, and with some of the Republican leaders in France itself.

This was one of the rare occasions on which Mazzini actually disguised himself. We are told by the best of his biographers, Emilia Ashurst Venturi, that he adopted a disguise only twice in his life. The first was in Marseilles, and the second in 1870, at the time of his last arrest. Except on those two occasions, he never did more than change the style of his beard or the way he wore his hair. Mazzini used to say that the unusual expression of his eyes, and his really remarkable forehead, would betray him in any case, and that what was principally necessary was to conceal the latter as much as possible with his hair, and to change the expression of his eyes by a mere effort of will. As to the rest, he depended upon his dramatic instinct and his remarkable mastery of English and French; using those languages in turn according to the passport he employed. Above all, he depended upon the sense of humor with which he was so abundantly endowed, and the ignorance and false preconceptions of the poor devils who were detailed to capture him. Mazzini had been painted so often as a lean, sinister desperado, armed to the teeth, or as a melodramatic conspirator with plumed hat and dagger, that he shrewdly counted upon the inability of the slow-minded police to reconstruct his true picture sufficiently to identify him. How were they to suspect this 'shady sectarian' in the frank, affable gentleman whose documents were in perfect order, and who answered their tedious questions without the slightest indication of uneasiness or impatience, but rather with just a shade of preoccupation with other things?

Mazzini had forged passports in abundance, and the changes of personality they demanded did not cost him much effort. On one famous occasion he disdained even that device, although in his day passports were invariably demanded. This happened at the time of his Roman expedition, in July, 1849. The American consul at Rome offered the triumvir of the ephemeral republic he had set up in that city a passport which required a French visé. Mazzini refused it, and at Civita Vecchia presented himself boldly to the captain of a Corsican vessel about to sail. He saw at a glance that this honest sailor was a friend of liberty, and he frankly demanded passage on his vessel, promising that the master would suffer thereby no inconvenience. It has been reported that, when this vessel moored at Livorno, the Austrian authorities searched it. According to the story, Mazzini said to his host: 'Don't disturb yourself. They will not find me. You will not be compromised.' He darted into the kitchen, and jamming a cook's cap well down over his eyes, set to work industriously washing dishes. It did not occur to the Austrians that this industrious cook's helper was the ex-dictator of Rome.

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That is the tale as told and printed; but it is disproved by one of Mazzini's letters from Geneva, on July 25, 1849, in which he says: 'I had the satisfaction of watching the Austrian sentry who stood lazy watch over the vessel on which I was.' Presumably the anecdote, which certainly was not invented by the authors from whom we receive it, relates to some other of Mazzini's innumerable adventures.

We learn from two letters to his mother, written in July, 1849, that the Rome episode none the less was a succession of most remarkable incidents.

July 20. — DEAR MOTHER, — I am at Marseilles and shall leave this afternoon for Geneva. I feel quite certain of arriving there. I took the boldest conceivable step, which was to board a vessel without a passport, and landed at Marseilles. From here to Genoa will be a path of roses. By the time you receive this I shall already be there, and shall write you immediately. I was in Genoa without letting you know. You can conceive how I felt about it. I believed it my duty to do as I did, more for your sake than for my own. I am well. With love as ever, JOSEPH.

July 22. — MY DEAR MOTHER, — I am writing this evening, Sunday; but my letter will not leave until to-morrow, the 23rd. I arrived at Geneva to-day. You thought I was at Malta; so did all the others. That was excellent. But you will have already learned from one of my letters that I was on my way here; and here I am. I passed from Genoa to Liverno, and the last part of my route lay through both France and Savoy. . . . Dear mother, I don't know what I shall do. I know that I have been constantly on the go, and therefore am not fully informed. Since our forces have been dispersed, I require a little time to think before making a decision. We must first see how far reaction is about to go in Europe. It is a fight to the death between them and us, and I do not intend to withdraw from this fight under any circumstances.

One of the unhappiest results of these hasty and exciting trips was the loss — I hope it may some day be repaired — of the only literary work by which Mazzini desired to be remembered: *Reliquie d' un Ignoto.* In the autobiographical note that he wrote in 1863, he added, after describing in immortal words the tempest of doubt by which he was assailed in 1836, that he had set down

> in those days an account of the stress of soul through which I passed, and of the reasoning and convictions which saved me at that time, in long disconnected fragments, which I intended to combine so as to form a book resembling in its general make-up *Ortis*, and to publish anonymously under the title, *Reliquie d'un Ignoto*. I copied it in very small characters on thin paper, and took it with me to Rome. But it was lost, I do not know how, in passing through France on my way back. Were I to try to write down these impressions again to-day, I should fail.

It has occurred to many that this manuscript may ultimately be discovered in some French departmental archives; but a letter that Mazzini wrote soon after the loss occurred indicates that his memory of the incident played him false when he wrote his autobiographical note in 1863. Late in 1849, wishing that he had copies of some of his articles which had been published in the *People's Journal*, Mazzini mentioned that they had been with other papers 'in a trunk which has been lost at Rome.' In a letter dated December 29, he says that manuscripts of all kinds were in the trunk: 'Thoughts upon history, politics, religion, and the *Reliquie d'un Ignoto.* I am very sorry to lose them. The best part of myself was there.'

It is not a wild conjecture to fancy that the papers in that trunk found their way into some private or public collection in Rome, which has not yet been explored; and perhaps even into the Vatican archives.

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Returning now to the devices by which Mazzini escaped his pursuers, his first daguerreotype dates from April, 1854. The Government had great difficulty in securing copies, although it offered a high reward for them. Cavour wrote at that time to Emmanuel D'Azeglio, the Ambassador of Sardinia in London, a letter that was subsequently mutilated for obvious reasons. It read as follows: —

My dear Marquis, — I hasten to accept the offer which you make me of a daguerreotype of our friend Mazzini. It may help us here to receive him as he deserves, if he should ever conceive the idea of making us another visit. I am not greatly disturbed at present by that possibility, because we are just at the point of uncovering all his intrigues.

Cavour confirms the fact that Mazzini had again set foot within the dominion of Sardinia, although the capital sentence passed upon him in 1833 was still in effect. Doubtless, his rashness is explained partly by the death of his mother, in 1852, which freed him from any scruples of prudence on account of his love of her. Another motive, however, was the feverish conspiring just at that time, which culminated in the death of Belfiore at Mantua and the February insurrection at Milan.

It is difficult to see how Mazzini was able to pass back and forth between Switzerland and Italy without falling into one of the innumerable traps laid for him. Among the most implacable of his pursuers was Napoleon III, whose romantic and impressionable mind was obsessed by the Italian apostle of liberty as by an incubus.

The two men had long been acquainted. When the Young Italy movement was being organized, Louis Bonaparte had made common cause with Mazzini, entrusting to him his famous tractate on Military Honors. In London he had encouraged him in his unsuccessful enterprise as a dealer in oil and Italian delicacies — in fact, taking some shares in the enterprise. However, the Rome expedition, and the events of December 2, created an unbridgeable abyss between them, and Napoleon III eventually conceived a superstitious terror of the man, justly attributing to him immense moral influence.

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SAINTE-BEUVE, PRINCE OF CRITICS

BY EDMUND GOSSE

From *The Sunday Times, August* 14
(SUNDAY WEEKLY)

SINCE the centenary of Sainte-Beuve's birth there has been published far too much gossip about his private relations with his contemporaries, and too many of his individual weaknesses have been exposed. His name has been made extremely unpopular by revelations which have nothing to do with his books — or so little that their evidence is negligible.

Even M. Choisy, whose recent monograph was a protest against the venomous attacks on Sainte-Beuve, could not resist giving three chapters to Victor and Adèle Hugo, but only one to *Port-Royal*. The critic's relation to the Hugos is merely curious and obscure, while *Port-Royal* is one of the masterpieces of literature. It is high time that we should shake ourselves free from all this cobweb of slander and concentrate our thoughts on the writings.

No doubt the character of Sainte-Beuve was faulty; no doubt he became a safer guide among the dead than among his contemporaries. The piercing light that has been thrown upon his laborious and painful existence has revealed several features which are subjects of regret. If Sainte-Beuve was jealous and shifty, if he indulged his egotism at the expense of his friends, if the other malignities are true, or partly true, it is very sad. But such revelations do not affect the literary position of Sainte-Beuve, or make him less essentially a writer who must be read, whoever else is neglected. He had imperfections, prejudices, limitations; but when we have recognized them all, he remains the greatest literary critic that the world has seen.

Although my weak voice fails to reach the bold young men of the *Times Literary Supplement*, I do not cease to repeat that French literature ought not to be described to English readers exactly in the terms which are current in the latest Parisian coterie. Foreign literature must be presented to us from the comparative and selective points of view, with reference to our own parallel masters and with rejection of what is exclusively French in its interest. The study of Sainte-Beuve offers what we may call a classical instance of this.

M. Gustave Michaut, who has been a leading Sainte-Beuve expert for more than twenty years, ignores most of the chatter which has occupied the memoir-editors, but he necessarily dwells on a great number of religious and moral episodes which are not essential to us English readers. The critic's intercourse with Lamennais and Lacordaire, his political adventures, even the publication of the *Livre d'Amour*, which was the turning-point of his ethical career, are edifying or unedifying, as the case may be, but to us they are not, or should not be, of the first importance.

For an English reader it is the Sainte-Beuve of the *Causeries* and of the *Nouveaux Lundis* that counts. If that reader is himself a writer, or seriously wishes to become one, the study of this quintessential Sainte-Beuve is desirable — is, indeed, almost necessary. Other writers may be postponed; but at

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the threshold of a serious literary life Sainte-Beuve *must* be read.

All the world has read him; for the last eighty years his influence has spread like a drop of oil on a pavement. His vitality is extraordinary, since, while his most brilliant rivals, such as Jules Janin and Paul de Saint-Victor, have gradually faded away, and are now known only to a few curious readers, the *Causeries de Lundi* are as fresh as when they were composed.

Take the essays on La Fontaine, on Molière, on Mademoiselle Aïssé; these were published seventy years ago, and they are as amusing, as satisfying to our taste and judgment, as if the liveliest of living essayists had produced them yesterday. We may analyze and define, we may argue through pages as to the cause of this perennial charm in Sainte-Beuve; we are thrown back on the conviction that it is something peculiar to himself, something of that arresting individuality which immortalizes the greatest writers and defies anatomy.

As he proceeded, the critic's manner broadened out, became less theoretical, concentrated itself more and more completely on the *corpus* of the person criticized, on his circumstances, on his passions, on his exclusive characteristics. Sainte-Beuve, when he reached his beautiful maturity, contrived, as no other critic has done before or since, to fill his page with life and with the love of life.

Although so much has been written, with not a little darkening of counsel, on the work of this wonderful man, there remains something to be said, from an international point of view, as to the sources of his plan. We must not expect the French exponents, who have so much else to occupy their attention, to dwell on Sainte-Beuve's relationship to English literature. Even M. Michaut passes very lightly over this. But to us it is a matter of some importance. Sainte-Beuve in his early youth studied English enthusiastically; he knew Burns and Chatterton, he formed one of a group of Parisian lovers of Wordsworth, and he used his knowledge of him to resist the overweening influence of Byron. He wrote: —

> Wordsworth peu connu, qui des lacs solitaires
> Sait tous les bleus reflets, les bruits et les mystères,

at a date when the sage was still hale enough to march, 'booing' his verses, over the Cumbrian Mountains.

Moreover, Sainte-Beuve had certainly read Wordsworth's daring preface, with its celebration of the poetical qualities of daily life in its domestic detail, of the painting of humble persons amidst their intimate surroundings. The early poems of Sainte-Beuve testify to his response to the teaching of Wordsworth and Cowper, whom he called his 'elder brothers.' But was he acquainted with the English critics of the generation preceding his own? This is a question to which we have, I think, no documentary reply, but a certain amount of internal evidence presents itself.

In France, we may roughly say, Sainte-Beuve confronted no precursor. There had been many learned men since the days of Boileau, who had written searchingly on the literature of their country, but their method had been formal and systematic. The classical tradition was practically unbroken when Sainte-Beuve began to read and think and write. But England had never been so completely in bondage, and we had had our intellectual revolution in 1798. The real precursors of Sainte-Beuve were Coleridge, Hazlitt, and, in a sense, Charles Lamb. It is exceedingly tantalizing not to know how far he was conscious of the existence of these Englishmen, who had

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rejected, as he was rejecting in 1826, the consecrated models and the musty rules of style.

The famous 'novelty' of Sainte-Beuve's method was patent for Frenchman, but Coleridge had already approached literature without the help of traditional routine, and Hazlitt had pierced to the heart of poetry, indifferent to the claims of rhetoric. When Sainte-Beuve was twenty-three, in 1827, he wrote his *Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVIe siècle*, into which he admitted an analogy between the young Victor Hugo and the Pléiade, leaping over the classic school with a gesture which is now seen to have been false. But the book was brilliantly new in aim, and is still very stimulating.

The point for us is that there had been nothing in past French criticism remotely like it, and that for a parallel we must turn to Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, of 1808. Sainte-Beuve, by the way, was in complete possession of his powers before the deaths of the three great English critics. His possible relation to their writings is a point which I greatly wish that his French commentators would try to elucidate.

The part he took in procuring a welcome for the great generation of French Romantics is much more familiar. Whatever may have been his subsequent petulance, whatever the influence of prejudices and jealousies on his later attitude, nothing can tarnish the splendor of the courage with which he challenged classical opinion in 1830. Heine amusingly said that Sainte-Beuve put the trumpet to his lips and ran in front of Victor Hugo, announcing him to the world as the Buffalo of Poetry. The *Portraits Littéraires* may seem somewhat faded now; it is not the book to which lovers of its author turn to-day with the keenest appetite; but this is largely because we take it all for granted, and know what happened afterward.

In 1831 it marked an epoch; it was the earliest attempt in French to judge contemporary poetry, not by the old rules and regulations, but by the 'pure, frank impression, as naïve as possible,' which it produced upon an unprejudiced reader. It broke, once and for all, with the dogmatic etiquette of French criticism, and for the first time it attributed neither praise nor blame according to a formula, but tried to discover what were the individual characteristics which united the author to his work; and to let in a stream of living truth upon what the old dogmas had left impenetrable and dead.

What the result of Sainte-Beuve's labors has been in France the whole of French literature during the last seventy years exhibits. Those who attack his memory with the greatest virulence reveal, unconsciously, by their approach to their subject, the supremacy of his method. His insatiable curiosity, the width of his comprehension, the wonderful dexterity of his mental processes, have left their mark on the intellectual skepticism and enthusiasm of France. We have seen his work continued and advanced by Anatole France, by Jules Lemaître, by Rémy de Gourmont, by a crowd of brilliant analysts and biographers. But fresh generations come back with profit and solace to the enchanting *Lundis*.

In England his fame has been less general with the public, but hardly less potent with the professional critics. Arnold emphatically proclaimed the 'life-giving stimulus' to be found in the '*Causeries de Lundi*,' and mourned that so little advantage was taken of it in England. Yet it is suffused over our later criticism; the form of Swinburne and Pater, even perhaps of Morley and Bagehot, would be other than it is, if Sainte-Beuve had never lived.

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BED–TIME BOOKS

BY 'SOLOMON EAGLE'

[*Under the pseudonym of 'Solomon Eagle' Mr. J. C. Squire, the editor of* The London Mercury, *who is equally well-known as poet, parodist, critic, and editor, contributes each week a page entitled 'The Critic at Large' to* The Outlook. *We reprint here one of these sprightly essays.*]

From *The Outlook, July* 30
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

Discussion amongst human beings is very difficult. There were three of us, and we were talking about reading in bed. At the end of a quarter of an hour it dawned on us — we had had faint glimmerings of this before — that we had been talking about different things.

'What is the best thing to read in bed?' It sounds a sufficiently concrete item in the agenda. But we had overlooked the fact that men might read in bed with different motives. 'If you were staying in a country house for the night, and found one of those little sliding bookcases on the table beside your bed, what would you like to find in it?' That also looked definite enough. But neither was really sufficiently precise. No allowance was made for temperament.

Of course, we all know what we *should* find in it. Granted a cultivated household, where the furniture is good, the walls tastefully hung, and the host and hostess *au fait* with modern literature and the latest political thought, very little latitude is conceivable. Either the small bookcase would contain two volumes of Mr. Shaw's plays, a volume of Mr. Granville Barker's, some Tchekov short stories, a book of sketches by Mr. Galsworthy, and a faded Ibsen volume published by the firm of Walter Scott; or else it would contain Mr. Chesterton's *The Defendant* and *A Miscellany of Men*, Mr. Belloc's *On Anything* and *Hills and the Sea*, a volume of essays by Mr. Lucas, and *Idlehurst*. Stay! there is a third possibility: Wordsworth, *Rab and His Friends*, the *Vailima Letters*, and the *Essays of Elia*, and Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, and something of Walter Bagehot's. These are what one would, and does repeatedly, find. The question is: What would one wish to find, and why?

I gather that there are three objects in reading in bed. Some men pursue only one, some pursue each in turn, some have two or more in mind as alternatives at any particular moment. Firstly, you may read in bed in order to send yourself to sleep at the earliest possible moment. Well, there are occasions when one feels like that. I myself have for many years kept inside my pallet Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. I have not got through it. I always begin again at the same place, to wit the first line. The result is that I probably know the first three pages as well as any man alive, and that I am totally ignorant as to what comes after. I may say in self-defense that I am not in the least degree curious about what comes after; but there it is. That is the first mode, and that the first object of reading in bed.

Next there is the moderate course and the sensible object of the man who

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likes to read a little in bed, but does not want to be deprived of what grandmother would have called his beauty sleep. The book must not be boring; it must not be too exciting. It must be interesting on every page, but dramatic nowhere; there must be a stream of event, but no definite break. Well, I do not really think that those volumes of essays quite suit the case. The end of an essay usually comes just before that fatal, final blink, and one wants to begin another. What one needs is the book that can be begun anywhere and dropped anywhere; and I can conceive no books better in that regard than Boswell, Gibbon, Hakluyt, and Lucas's *Life of Lamb*. These are so long and so uniform, that there is no hope of finishing them in a night, and no fear of worrying about a climax not reached; and they are so good, that one never minds if one does read the same pages over and over again.

I found, in our discussion, that each of these species of nocturnal reading was favored by one of my friends. But for myself I shamelessly confessed that, however tired I might be, I should always, even were the whole contents of the British Museum at call from my bed, ask for a shocker. Give me *Bulldog*, *Drummond*, *Station X*, or *Trent's Last Case*, and I will read in bed until dawn. Let sleep go. Let the morrow's duties go. Let health, prudence, and honor go. The bedside book for me is the book that will longest keep me awake.

It is a large subject, and one seldom discussed. Hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of people every night in England read something in bed. They say nothing about it except 'I read for a little last night and then slept like a top,' or 'I did n't feel like going to sleep last night, so I read for a bit,' or 'I began reading So-and-so in bed last night, and damn the book, I could n't get to sleep until I finished it.' Usually nothing at all is said; if anything is said, it is very little. Yet what a large slice of each of our lives has gone in this harmless occupation. We get our clothes off. We get our pyjamas on. We wind our watches. We arrange the table and the light, and get into bed. We pile up, or double up, the pillows. Then we settle down on it.

Sometimes the book is so exciting that all thought of sleep fades away, and we read on, oblivious of everything except the unseen menace in that dark house, the boat gliding stealthily along that misty river, the Chinaman's eyes, peering through that greenish-yellow fog, or the sudden crack of the revolver in that den of infamy. Sometimes we read for a while, and then feel as if we could go peacefully to sleep. Sometimes we struggle desperately to gum our failing attention to the acute analysis and safe deductions of our author. Our eyes squint and swim. Our head dizzies. We feel drunk, and, dropping the book aside from lax hands, just manage to get the light out before falling back into a dense and miry slumber.

We all know those fights against inevitable sleep, those resolves to reach the inaccessible end of the chapter, those swimmings in the head, those relapses into the gulf of slumber. And we all know those long readings when the mystery and suspense of the text so excite us that every creak of the stair and every fluttering of the pertinacious moths makes our hearts stand still, and then keeps them beating hard for minutes. But we seldom talk about it. It is a part of our really private lives, which includes also our operations in the bathroom, our contrivances for keeping, at certain moments, our clothes together. These are universal experiences which each man thinks peculiar to himself, yet which hardly anybody ever thinks worth mentioning.

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THE ABIDING NORSEMAN

BY 'CRUSADER'

From *The Morning Post, August* 25
(Tory Daily)

Eagles were more plentiful in Scotland last year than they have ever been before; bitterns were heard and seen in southern Hampshire; the inhabitants of the Eastern Counties must not be astonished this winter if they see the sandgrouse visiting our coast once more; and a great stir was caused when the Press announced that the Black Rat, the author of the Plague, instead of becoming extinct, was increasing in numbers at the expense of his brown cousin.

Many of these revivals can be explained, and attributed to perfectly natural causes — as a last refuge, the Great War can always be made the scapegoat. But the interesting point is that, as with animals, so it is with men.

The Redskin population in Canada, which up to now has been steadily diminishing and was in danger of becoming extinct, has taken a turn and is increasing in numbers. The black and yellow races in the United States are gaining hand over fist over the white, and of the white races the 'Dago' variety is gaining rapidly on all except perhaps the Irish and the Slavs, in spite of a stream of reëmigration to its original home round the Mediterranean, which has set in.

In Continental Europe we are faced with an exactly similar situation. Everywhere the original races are regaining — or have regained — their independence, and are reinstituting their language and their customs, and indeed are imposing them on those of their former masters who remain within their territories.

It was a saying in Germany before the war that the peace of Europe could never be assured until the Balkans had been placed under one rule. The peace of Europe was not assured, and now, instead of the Balkans being incorporated within Europe, the greater part of Europe is an extension of the Balkans.

To the student of 'Welt Politik' it was as if a patient recovering from pneumonia had cleared himself of it except for one small patch on his lung, and had then caught a chill, with the result that this patch had inflamed and grown, and was now covering the whole of one lung.

Now, our Whig school of historians will attribute all this to the same cause — the birth of the desire for freedom, which is a natural product of civilization on the glorious march of progress, the spirit of Democracy triumphing over the obsolete and crumbling forces of tyranny. Actually, the true cause is far deeper. To begin with, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a good deal of the movement is purely artificial and the product of careful organization. The best example, perhaps, is Lithuania. Here a people as Polish in character as a Yorkshireman is English have been sedulously taught by agents in the press, and by the government, and by the teachers in the schools, that they are Lithuanian, and not Polish. The ancient and obsolete Lithuanian language was dug out by German professors and taught to unwilling children in the schools, until at last they began to believe, with the help of Lithuanian leg-

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ends and fairy stories, that they were indeed Lithuanians, and not Poles.

It is exactly as if American or French schoolmasters, press, and literary men had instilled the people of Cornwall with a desire to be Cornish, had dug up the Cornish tongue, and made King Arthur the hero of the day. That Arthur was a filibustering Frieslander who had rebelled against the Roman Empire and waged a constant guerrilla war with his Teutonic rivals in England, would (if true) be as unwelcome a piece of knowledge to them, as the fact that Konofogen and Brian Boru, the 'Irish Heroes,' or Jaroslav, or St. Vladimir, of Novgorod and Kieff respectively, were all of them Norsemen who had settled and conquered their districts.

No, the root is far deeper than this, and they who would deal with these problems would do well to consider these facts, as historians will have to do later. The Whig historians have done their best to obscure the history of the last century by their lack of penetration and their method of twisting all facts to agree with their theories. Let us hope that it will not occur again.

The break-up of the Roman Empire was caused, not only by its inherent degeneracy, but by the arising of what, for lack of a better name, we will call the Gothic races. It includes Goths, Vandals, Suevi, Norse, Danes, Saxons, Franks, Burgundians, Lombards, and Normans. Their penetration was gradual and was both peaceful and war-like, and its primary stages occupied at least five centuries. Yet the people of this blood have been the governing force of all countries, from New York to Moscow, till the present day.

But on no account must it ever be imagined that it was organized or united. The Norse strain conquered simply because of the vigor of its race. When it conquered, it adopted the language and customs of the country, and kept pure its blood only by intermarriage with other Norsemen in preference to native or Latin. But meanwhile Norman fought against Norman, Dane against Dane, Frank against Saxon, Russian against Swede.

By intermarriage, even countries which had a competent governing race of their own, such as Hungary, Poland, and Germany, became strongly impregnated with Norse blood among their rulers. Even the Caliphs of Cordova, we read, were many of them fair-haired and blue-eyed from intermarriage with the Vandal Berbers and Spanish Goths. The only check the Norse penetration received was the loss of the Crusader kingdoms of Jerusalem and Syria at the hands of the Mohammedan reaction, which, in turn, was checked at Vienna; and even that reaction owed as much to the Christian-born Janissaries as the Byzantine conquests did to the Norse Varangians.

But now the tide is turning. The Norse race has degenerated in many countries. In Austria and Russia it has disappeared. And with the fall of Russia and Austria spring up these new states of old stock.

And how will it end? Will they continue so, will they fight amongst themselves, or will they fall under some new influence? Do the Finns really imagine that they can drive out the Swedish language and trade with foreigners in their own? And do the Czechs really think that German is not necessary for successful commerce? And will they impose light tariffs on each other's goods forever, or will the needs of commerce triumph over the Pride of Race?

There is also one other factor. The Germans were never conquered by the Norse, and their energy, in spite of the reverse sustained in war, is still an increasingly powerful factor. The short-headed German has many very different characteristics from the long-headed

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Norseman, some of which are to his disadvantage. But his virtues also are not contemptible.

Will he make use of this field of expansion now opened to him, and will German be the commercial language of Europe in ten years' time and the political language a century later? Or will the reaction that he has fostered in so many parts of Europe prove too strong for him to master? Also let us not forget a very important factor in Europe just now—the Jews. Commercially they have the immense advantage that they can all speak and understand German.

There is a growing belief that we are on the eve of another Asiatic reaction. The Soviets of Russia are leaning more and more toward the Asiatic elements in that country. Among the well-to-do Bolsheviki I have met at Reval, fleeing before the approach of the hunger hordes, were not only Jews, but, Georgians, Turks, and Armenians.

The main strength of the Bolshevist army is in Turkestan, and we shall hear more of them and the Tartar horseman under Budenay. Here in Warsaw the Bolshevist representative is an Armenian, and the Moscow government is a nest of Asiatic schemes. We have yet to witness the conflict of these elements with the Christian Slav and the Christian German; but in the meantime let us remember that the Norse stock has still a firm hold in England, France, and America, and that more millions speak English than any one other language.

SELF-INTEREST AS A CLASS TONIC

[We print below a summary of two editorials in the Moscow Pravda, *an official organ of the Bolsheviki, on July* 15 *and* 17. *The decrees on collective distribution which are mentioned substitute group-rationing for the individual rationing which has hitherto prevailed. The ration of each group is measured by the labor output of that group rather than by the number of members or individuals in it. A motive is thus created for the efficient workers in each group to discipline, and, if necessary, expel the slackers. By increasing output above the standard first set, the group becomes entitled to additional food rations.]*

DURING the early days of the Revolution, many supposed that as soon as the working class seized the government, its members would immediately increase production, though inspired by no other motives than class-enthusiasm and brotherly labor discipline. In reality this did not take place. In a few isolated factories, a few workmen did exert themselves to the utmost, but we must frankly admit the bitter truth that the output of the workers as a body at once diminished. Of course, there were sufficient causes for this. So long as civil war continued, our best and most intelligent workers and organizers were serving in the army. Deficient food weakened the physical stamina of our working people. These facts cannot be questioned. But it is equally unquestioned that, in addition to all this, we confront a process of class-demoralization which has reduced the output of labor.

To be sure, we still have some persistent and energetic workingmen who are ready to perform any service, and to work twenty-four hours a day if necessary. Many of these have joined the Communist Party. No matter how much that party may be denounced, it is true, as a rule, that our Communists

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are our best workers. Their duties are manifold. They have to perform their labor at the factory or workshop, to run the trade-unions, to attend innumberable meetings. They have little time left for themselves or their families. In spite of their privileges, they are overworked. So we have the Communists at one extreme. At the other, we have a group of workingmen who constantly rebel against anything that is for the public interest. Between these two extremes are a vast majority of our workers who, for the most part, are either indifferent or hostile to our methods of production.

But our whole policy of remunerating the workers was based on the assumption that they would respond to brotherly discipline even better than to personal interest. However, the appeal to brotherly discipline does not reach the heart of the working masses, who are backward in Socialist sentiment, and respond to no incentives but compulsion or private gain. Consequently, when the last two motives were weakened, they became demoralized.

We advance guards in the Proletarian Revolution must face this fact squarely. There is only one conclusion possible. We must restore personal interest as a spur to production. The recent decrees providing for collective distribution are along this line. The sooner we open our eyes to our illusions and cease to be guided by them, the sooner we shall be able to restore the economic prosperity of the country, which has so far been steadily on the wane. As our papers have long dinned in our ears, the disorganization of production menaces our whole Socialist programme. Side by side with the disorganization of production is a parallel disorganization of the workers themselves. They lose the attitude of proletarians. Many of them acquire the attitude of small independent producers, who make a living by petty traffic and speculation; or else they adopt exclusively the attitude of consumers, viewing the world as a place where they merely receive and don't produce.

Such evidences of class-demoralization are especially noticeable among the semi-peasants and what we call the new workmen, or those who have been reduced to the proletariat during the war. Even in ordinary times, the latter would have been a backward element in the laboring class, because they have not passed through all the stages in the struggle against capitalism. In times like those which actually prevail, these elements not only show a lack of proletarian courage and sentiment themselves, but they are a demoralizing influence among those who do possess that sentiment.

We observe this influence particularly in the matter of output. Men of this type retain the psychology of the consumer, the trader, or the small independent producer. They are indifferent, or hostile, to the interests of production as a whole. This indifference and hostility grow greater as disorganization spreads apace.

On the other hand, these evils seem to be curing themselves. Our best workmen realize that things cannot go on as at present. This conviction is spreading, not only among our party members, but also widely among non-party workingmen. We must enlist the support of such honest and open-minded men in fighting the demoralization which is permeating the proletariat. That is one purpose of our late decrees on collective distribution.

We shall carefully and cautiously reorganize our whole system of production, so as to give the workers a direct, tangible interest in increasing output. We shall not succeed immediately all along the line. But it is the only course open to us.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ANNE'S BOOK

BY MARY WEBB

[*The Athenæum*]

And so, Anne Everard, in those leafy Junes
Long withered; in those ancient, dark Decembers,
Deep in the drift of time, haunted by tunes
Long silent; you, beside the homely embers,
Or in some garden fragrant and precise,
Were diligent and attentive all day long!
Fashioning with bright wool and stitches nice
Your sampler, did you hear the thrushes' song
Wistfully? While in orderly array
Six rounded trees grew up; the alphabet,
Stout and uncompromising, done in gray;
The Lord's Prayer and your age, in violet;
Did you, Anne Everard, dream from hour to hour
How the young wind was crying on the hill,
And the young world was breaking into flower?
With small head meekly bent, all mute and still,
Earnest to win the promised great reward,
Did you not see the birds at shadow time
Come hopping all across the dewy sward?
Did you not hear the bells of Faery chime
Liquidly, where the brittle hyacinths grew?
Your dream, attention; diligence your aim.
And when the last long needleful was through,
When, labored for so long, the guerdon came —
Thomson, his Seasons, neatly bound in green —
How brightly would the golden letters shine!
Ah! many a petaled May the moon has seen
Since Anne, attentive, diligent, *ætat* nine,
Puckering her young brow, read the stately phrases.
Sampler and book are here without a stain;
Only Anne Everard lies beneath the daisies,
Only Anne Everard will not come again.

MAROONED

BY W. J. TURNER

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Cloud-ships drifting near me pass,
Dragging ghost-anchors on the grass,
Laden with snow and ice and gold,
Their crews, abstractions faint and old,
Postured against the violet air
In act of drinking or of song —
I saw, lying upon a hill
In Summer's bowl clear, huge, and still.

Upon some siren-land of song
Their eyes as sightless statues stare,
All treasury of mortal care
Abandoned as they sailed along;
No breast among them heaved a sigh
As day sank in the Western sky;
But as I looked, I saw a glaze
Of gold upon their raptured gaze,
And all those billowing sails of snow,
In stillness carved, no longer blow —
Each stiff ship motionless as its crew!

All marble and becalmed they lay —
Gigantic in the gulf of day;
Then out of space a chill wind flew,
And, looking up, cold empty air
Startled my strained eyes everywhere;
Those Ships and Mariners had gone,
And I, on Earth, was left alone.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURE TROVE

THE soil of England, Egypt, France, Switzerland, and Palestine has within the last few months yielded more of its closely guarded secrets of humanity's past to the spade of the excavator. At University College, London, Professor Flinders Petrie and his assistants were engaged during the summer months in unpacking ninety cases of Egyptian antiquities, containing thousands of specimens, the guerdon of two winters' work by the British School of Archæology in Egypt. In England itself there have been numerous interesting and important discoveries. An Iron-Age village — supposed by the discoverers to date back to 500 or 600 B.C., placing the period of this culture in Great Britain two hundred years earlier than the time hitherto accepted — has been found in Wiltshire and though the perennial puzzle of Stonehenge remains unsolvable as ever, further discoveries have been made in its vicinity, which, at any rate, throw new light upon its antiquity and the object of its erection.

On the Continent, remarkable relics of the Stone Age have been unearthed at Ussat, in the extreme South of France, including further specimens of prehistoric art. At Berne, Roman and pre-Roman antiquities have come to light, among them traces which seem to establish the locality of the twelve *oppida* ascribed to the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland by Julius Cæsar; and in Palestine, according to reports of the British Colonial Office, the great cloisters of Herod the Great are being identified and excavated.

An exhibition of Professor Petrie's Egyptian antiquities, which before the war used to be an annual event in London, was held during August, after which many of his treasures had to be repacked for shipment abroad, since the British School is really international in the scope of its activities, and the specimens it secures are distributed among museums throughout the world. In the winter of 1919–1920 Professor Petrie resumed operations at Lahun, where in 1914 he unearthed the wonderful collection of jewelry now in New York. Last winter he worked in the western desert, seventy miles south of Cairo, excavating a graveyard in which he found a rich harvest of objects from the early dynasties, especially the sixth and ninth.

Many Ninth-Dynasty tombs, sunk through the desert sands to the solid rock beneath and entered by long stairways, were opened; and though, in the course of centuries, they had been visited by thieves, treasures still remained for the modern excavators. The oldest of the discoveries in this region was the body of a girl thought to be 8000 years old, which owed its extraordinary state of preservation to the natural embalming properties of the dry desert sands.

Objects buried with the dead form an important part of the 'new' Egyptian antiquities. Most important among these, since they illustrate exactly the life of the people of ancient Egypt, are the miniature figures, usually in sculptured wood, placed in the tombs because the Egyptians believed that the life after death was a replica of the present life. Carved and painted with surprising realism, these little figures re-

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produce the most homely scenes of domestic life on the Nile, thousands of years before Christ. The groups show a miniature granary filled with busy servants; a kitchen where one cook turns a trussed goose on a spit, while another (his wig removed for coolness' sake) fans the fire; a sacrificial ceremony; the setting of a table; and high-prowed boats, with sails of brown linen, manned by crews of black-haired sailors. The stone head-rests, sandals, toilet sets, tools, and weapons deposited in the graves make it possible to reconstruct every detail of that long-perished civilization down to the minutest particular.

While English Egyptologists were at work upon remains of this almost incalculable antiquity, other archæologists were investigating another monument, less ancient but even more mysterious. Colonel Hawley, who directed the excavations and restorations at Stonehenge, is convinced that there was once an older and larger monument than the pile of huge rocks that we now know. He points out that there is reason for thinking that the outer earthwork and the ditch beyond existed before Stonehenge itself, and that the ditch was filled with silt before the period to which Stonehenge belongs had even begun. The ditch seems to have been dug with staghorn picks, many of which are still to be found in it.

A recently enunciated theory that the erection of each of the stones set in the so-called 'Aubrey holes' was celebrated by a human sacrifice seems disproved by the absence of the marks of fire. It is true that traces of flame, charred wood, and even cremated remains occur in some of the holes; but there are no marks of fire so extensive as the cremation of a body would have left. It is argued that even one cremation would have required several tons of wood, and its traces would have remained in a large area of burned soil. The recent excavations have led to the discovery of a quartzite maul weighing 43 pounds. It has also been found that two of the stones were inserted vertically. They could not have been lowered down an inclined plane, and are supposed to have been dropped from a scaffolding into carefully measured spaces. The chief result of these latest excavations has been to enhance respect for the engineering skill of the unknown builders.

It cannot be said, however, that any definite conclusions as to the origin and purpose of the mysterious monument as yet emerge from the controversy which has raged about it from the ninth century, when it is first mentioned by Nennius, through the speculations of Inigo Jones, the colleague of Ben Jonson in masques at the Court of King James, down to Professor Petrie himself, who is well known for his investigations of these monuments, even though his fame as an Egyptologist has somewhat overshadowed his achievements in British archæology.

On a Wiltshire farm in the vale of Pewsey, known as All Canning's Cross, Captain and Mrs. Cunnington have discovered and explored the site of a previously unknown village of the Iron Age. Their first discovery was part of a very ancient quern, or hand-mill; then they found a single hammerstone, and then hammerstones in numbers great enough to suggest that their manufacture had been a special local industry. The 'finds' of pottery became almost as numerous as the hammerstones. This pottery was of the very distinct 'Halstatt type,' through which the date of the village can be established with fair accuracy, showing that civilization was advanced in this part of Great Britain far earlier than had been believed. The village appears to have been forgotten before the Romans came.

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The discoverers think that there was a considerable population, consisting in the first place of newcomers, possibly immigrants from Gaul. The making of pottery appears to have been one of their principal employments. Fragments representing over a thousand pots have already been found. But these ancient peoples melted iron and bronze; they left their spindle whorls, thus proving that they spun their own woolen thread, bone combs used in the process of weaving, loom-weights, and testimony that they wove their own cloth. They had bone-needles to make the cloth into garments, and bone, and sometimes bronze, buttons and brooches, and iron, bronze, and bone pins. Further excavations may, perhaps, yield a skeleton, to tell what sort of people they actually were, and whence they came.

Since 1879 when the first grottoes containing traces of human occupancy were found in the Massif Central and the Pyrenees, thirty-five of these caverns have been explored. Two French scientists, MM. Cuguillière and Bacquié, have now added to the list the caverns of Ussat in the Department of Ariège, in which, after patient investigation, they have unearthed bones and specimens of very rough pottery and drawings which are thought to belong to the Stone Age. The valley appears to contain a greater number of tombs with rock-carvings than are known in any other district. Halfway up the steep hillsides facing the heights of Louhives, the signs known among archæologists as *soutiformes*, *pectiformes*, and *hastiformes* are found, painted in red upon the white and ochre walls. Stalagmitic concretions, which are held to establish their antiquity, cover some of them. There are primitive sketches of animals, among them some of horses and mountain goats drawn with great skill. In other places bones and earthenware vessels have come to light and fresh discoveries are expected at any time.

Excavations made at Berne during the summer indicate that one of the twelve towns named by Julius Cæsar as belonging to the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland was probably not far from the present city, within the northern loop of the River Aar. This spacious peninsula seems to have been nearly covered with Gallic or Roman buildings, which were destroyed by fire, presumably in the invasion of the country by the Alemanni in 265, A.D. The present town of Berne has been partly constructed of materials taken from the old town. Foundations, with the usual Roman heating-plant, were laid bare this year, as well as a sort of pergola, a hundred and twenty-five feet long, a hundred and sixty tombs, a number of houses, a mosaic floor, twenty coins of several Celtic tribes, and a great many weapons. Similar discoveries have previously been made in this locality.

Under the Antiquities Ordinance, much valuable excavation is being carried on at Ascalon, the birth-place of Herod the Great, where the great cloisters which he built have been identified and excavated. At Capernaum, near the old synagogue, a hexagonal court with mosaic pavement and ambulatory has been uncovered, and sculpture and pottery have been found at Cæsarea. Steps are being taken to preserve the Crusaders' Tower at Ramleh, the Crusaders' Fortress at Athlet, the ancient church at Jifna, and other monuments, which, together with the up-keep of the walls and citadel of Jerusalem are in charge of the Pro-Jerusalem Society. A mosaic pavement with Hebrew inscriptions, which was found near Jericho last year, has now been completely excavated and removed to Jerusalem; and a sculptured sarcophagus, taken in fragments from Turmus Aya, has been reconstructed and de-

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posited in the citadel. A central museum of antiquities has been established at Jerusalem, in which six thousand objects have already been catalogued.

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A BRITISH VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL TRACK MEET

IN an article on 'Athletics in America,' sent from New York to the *Manchester Guardian*, a 'University Correspondent' gives an Englishman's view of the defeat of the combined Oxford-Cambridge track team by two American teams, Harvard-Yale and Princeton-Cornell.

We were beaten in a splendid contest [he writes], but if there be any who feel that this result means a decadence of English athletics, let them look at the result of each individual event and consider it on its merits. First, the 100 yards. Here we were certainly in the same class as the Americans, and it was touch and go whether Gourdin or Abrahams won. In the hammer Nokes was certainly better than the American, but struck an off day. In the high jump we were outclassed by a world-champion, and we won the 440 and the mile in first-class time. In the weight and broad jump we were again badly beaten, — by three feet in the latter, — but world's records are not beaten every day. And in the half and two miles we almost held our own. Whatever else may be said, the meeting was of a first-class order and our men all showed their best form. I do not believe that the American training methods are so vastly superior to ours, and I certainly admire our spirit more; but their organization is wonderful.

After this meet our stock went down considerably, and numerous papers scorned our efforts. One extract will show what I mean: 'It was a wonderful triumph for the Americans, as well as the worst whipping Oxford and Cambridge ever received in this series.' We could understand this sort of thing, but we were not pleased when we were told by one newspaper that we did not train properly or take the competition seriously enough. . . .

Everywhere we have been overwhelmed with kindness, and throughout the time we have spent in close contact with the Americans, a spirit of great friendliness has prevailed. Athletic history will record that in 1921 Harvard and Yale defeated Oxford and Cambridge by eight events to two; but no history book will record in adequate terms the great spirit of rival affection which the athletes of the two great nations felt for one another.

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CHARLES II'S ENGLAND

QUAINT records of the time of Charles II are contained in the new volume of the Calendar of State Papers, which has just been issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office in England. It relates to a particularly interesting year of the merry monarch's reign — really a little more than a year, since the documents bear dates between September 1, 1680 and December 31, 1681. The new volume was delayed by the war and appears now after the death of its editor, Mr. F. H. Blackburne Daniell.

The papers included deal with the dissolution of the turbulent Parliament elected in 1679, the election of the Oxford Parliament, the trials of Lord Stafford, Archbishop Plunket, and Lord Shaftesbury. Tucked away here and there among the formal papers are curious illustrations of the manners of an earlier day, and of the perennial sameness of human nature.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Bentinck, Lady Norah: *The ex-Kaiser in Exile.* London: Hodder and Stoughton. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Michaut, G.: *Sainte-Beuve.* (*Les Grands Écrivains Français.*) Paris: Librairie Hachette. 4 *fr.*

Calendar of State Papers (Domestic Series). Arranged and edited by F. H. Blackburne Daniell. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 25*s.*

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AGENTS AT ALL IMPORTANT POINTS

Shackled Youth

By EDWARD YEOMANS

In ten brief chapters that are charged with feeling, Mr. Edward Yeomans, a Chicago manufacturer, hows for the benefit of teachers, parents, and readers generally, something of what he thinks the schools of o-day should be doing. Mr. Yeomans's im, combined with his sense of the omic, should actually accomplish omething in the very face of "the ceanic inertia of school administration" and "the generally oily calm that ervades it." — *Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

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